

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the Year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

OUR GREAT SUCCESS.

Extraordinary Circulation and Immense Advertising Patronage.

The brilliant and unparalleled success which has crowned our enterprise during the past few months must be our excuse for indulging in a few remarks per-

sonal to ourselves, but not, we think, entirely uninteresting to our readers and friends.

We do not purpose to sketch the history of Illustrated Papers in this country, although with all the prominent enterprises Frank Leslie was intimately concerned; we shall refer only to the career of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

It commenced after several prominent and promising enterprises had failed (though supplied with bounteous means), and consequently had to take the field with the odor of failure still lingering in the publishing atmosphere. By avoiding the rocks upon which the previous enterprises split, and the quicksands which swallowed them up, Frank Leslie guided his bark into



smooth water, and in spite of hard times, revulsions in business and severe money panics, continues to sail with the flood tide of success and the pleasant gale of public favor. Five years of increasing prosperity, while it has made Frank Leslie's name a household word throughout the States, and his Illustrated Newspaper a necessity in every home, has of course brought with it the penalty which ever attends upon marked success, namely—imitators. Several weak attempts have flashed up and flickered out from want of the vital spirit of Illustrated Journalism; one continues to exist, the distorted shadow of a fair idea, supported at a heavy weekly loss, through a spirit of pride, by a large publishing house. Another has sprung up, as fungi spring up from rottenness in a night, with seeds of inherent decay, to decompose in a brief time and return to its original filth, unhonored, unlamented and unsung. This prurient sheet owed its existence to a number of discharged employes from our establishment, draughtsmen, engravers, printers, advertising men, &c., who, from various causes—competency, unreliability or insolence, it was no longer advisable to retain around us. These were gathered together by an unscrupulous Dutchman of congenial spirit, in the belief that from the offscourings of our establishment, and by the adoption of a name approximating as closely as possible to our title, he could build up a paper which should grow into, perchance, a formidable rival. The fruitless and spasmodic efforts of this unclean thing have resulted in a vast weekly pecuniary loss, an immense expenditure of low, slangy abuse, characteristic of its organization, and lastly, in unmistakable evidences of rapid and inevitable decay.

We can afford to smile at such pitiful imitations, for while every mean and lying endeavor has been used to supplant us, our circulation has been increasing in every section of the country, and has literally doubled itself within the past three months, so that now the weekly issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER exceeds that of all the other Illustrated Papers together.

The entire number of our Illustrated Newspaper containing the result of the Fight for the Champion's Belt exceeded our estimate, which was a quarter of a million, by nearly a hundred thousand. The total number of copies sold was

347,000,

an amount never before reached by any newspaper in America or Europe.

The amount of paper used to print this immense edition will be found in the appended certificate:

MAY 12th, 1860.

We sold and delivered to Frank Leslie, from April 16th to 26th, 1860, SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIVE REAMS OF FIVE HUNDRED SHEETS EACH, for the number of his Illustrated Newspaper and Extra, containing an account of the Fight between Heenan and Sayers.

SEYMOUR & CO.

(It is necessary to have the paper on hand several days to be damped down and prepared for printing.)

OUR ADVERTISERS

will see by this statement that there is no medium for the publication of their business equal to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which is always preserved in families, and is read, at a low computation, by a million of readers weekly.

Our advertisers should not be led away by the representations of the proprietors of the disreputable sheet we have mentioned, who have issued a circular, stating their circulation at five times more than its real amount, and placing the circulation of another of their (proposed) publications at 40,000, said publication never yet having seen the light! This, for truth, is on a par with all their other representations.

Our advertisers will please send in their favors by noon on the Saturday previous to the week in which they wish them to appear. Our columns are overrun with advertising, and the rule is, first come first served.

Letter from our Special London Correspondent.

MORLEY'S HOTEL, London, April 23, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE—DEAR SIR—The scene and the incidents of our trip have strangely changed in the short space of one week. But a few days since and we were one amid a thousand who rose early in the dawn, ere the last star of night had gone out. We were amid that motley crowd of England's peers and England's vagabonds, all of whom assembled to witness two huge educated masses of muscle battling against each other. Courage, coolness and endurance, in fact all the qualities that characterize the heroism were blended in these men. There was no shrinking from the terrific lunge that struck with a thud upon the bones; there was no cry of distress when one fell reeling under the blow of his opponent, all defused in human gore. For more than two long hours

they bore themselves bravely, and evinced no sign of cessation or fatigue. It was our lot, with many others, to be a witness of the scene. The public interest was at fever heat, and we were compelled to minister to the complaint. There will be no repetition of that scene. The public taste is satisfied, though the men have become heroes amongst the masses.

But the scene has changed, and royally so. On the same day, and only one week later, we found ourselves in the presence of the sovereign of thirty millions of people. It had often been our desire, when reading the eloquent descriptions of court scenes, or hearing of the movement of kings and queens, of their palaces, their magnificent retinues and their pomp of living—we, republicans as we are, had longed to see the glitter of a royal procession. Our day dream has been gratified.

Queen Victoria's Levee at St. James's Palace.

Through the politeness and courtesy of Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, we received from the Lord Chamberlain cards of invitation to Her Majesty's levee and the Queen's drawing-room, at St. James's Palace. Of course we had to consult the American Minister in reference to the dress necessary to be worn for such an occasion.

It is well known that the late Mr. Marcy consumed a considerable portion of a year in writing diplomatic instructions in reference to the dress which Americans were to appear in at Court. Lord Clarendon finally informed Mr. Buchanan, who was then Minister at St. James, that they must wear a sword and chapeau. The rest of the costume might be whatever his taste desired. The whole controversy threw ridicule upon us, for it was thought that the Queen, being a lady, her wishes in reference to the company which she honored with invitations might have been acquiesced in without any great loss of dignity on our part. The dress as now worn consists of a black dress coat, white vest, a sword with black scabbard and handle, decorated richly with black bugles, and which is supported by a broad white silk band passing across the breast and over the right shoulder; a black chapeau ornamented with silk and bugles, black knee breeches with bugles, ornamented with jet black silk stockings, patent leather pumps with large jet buckles, and finally white kid gloves and necktie. Such is the costume into which a man is thrust by the tailor. We were determined to resign ourselves to fate, and accordingly ordered the whole suit, the price of which was a horrible swindle—imagine being charged eight dollars for a pair of shoe-buckles! After we had ordered everything and tried them all on we received another document large enough for a theatrical poster, stating that the Prince Hohenlohe Langenburg was dead, that the Court had gone into mourning, and that we must wear a black silk waistcoat and black kid gloves. This was very important. This illustrious gentleman was a step-brother to the Queen, and everybody was politely requested to mourn his loss. We met several English friends and inquired who the Prince Hohenlohe Langenburg was, but they were as ignorant as ourselves. At last the Tuesday arrived, we forced ourselves into lights, we endeavored to expand our calves to a respectable size, we tied our cravat in every imaginable shape, we gave a most profound series of bows to our mirror, and finally we—considering ourselves all right—prepared to encounter the ceremonies we were compelled to undergo. There were two other victims besides ourselves, the Hon. Mr. Pacheco, of California, and George Wilkes, Esq. We met face to face; the sight was comical. It would be splendid for the *Budget of Fun*. We looked more like three pall-bearers than three courtiers. We thought, however, it was not an everyday occurrence, and we were determined to maintain the American dignity, so we ordered a carriage with coachman and footman, got up in elegant shape, and then we bowed along towards St. James's Palace, where all the drawing-rooms are held. Upon approaching we found all the avenues blocked up with carriages of the most sumptuous style. The liveries were gorgeous—everything, carriages, horses and men were covered with crimson and gold, blue and silver.

At last we arrived at the entrance and alighted. A body of the Horse Guards were drawn up in front of the door. The entrance was crowded with the most delicious exotics; in fact, flowers lined all the staircases and passages through which we passed. About a hundred feet from the entrance we were met by a Queen's Page, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, who gave us a card, which he directed us to give to the Lord Chamberlain, but we were specially directed to keep it in our left hand. So onward we pursued our course through grand halls, up splendid broad staircases, all of which were lined with numerous individuals in varied costumes. There were the Gold Stick, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Silver Stick in Waiting, Yeomen of the Guard—but it would be impossible to name all the living statues who were designated by names peculiar to Court. We were safe at last in one of the ante-rooms, where we found a crowd of persons waiting for the doors to open which led to the Throne Room. The Queen's Guard were in attendance here, and the dress was really most striking. The helmets seemed like polished gold, and were crowned with a white plume which fell like snow over their glittering surfaces; the coats were crimson, heavily and deeply embroidered with gold. They were all men six feet in height. The great throng who surrounded us wore all the national dresses peculiar to their countries—representatives from almost every clime being there—the Persian, the Hindoo, the Russian, the Chinese; the glittering white and gold of the Austrian contrasting strongest with the sombre black of the American. Here were Judges of the Queen's Bench in their enormous wigs, looking like honeycombs white-washed and scooped out to fit their skulls; there were Bishops in their rich black silk gowns, officers covered with decorations won amid death and danger; diplomats dressed in their representative character, while the army and navy of Great Britain were represented by a surpassingly rich grouping of colors and emblems. For nearly an hour we stood awaiting the opening of the doors; at last a rustling was heard, and the gay throng passed orderly forward into the presence of royalty. One room was passed, another we entered, each rich with palatial decorations, and then we neared the Throne Room, which the artist has faithfully pictured. Our card was taken and passed from the hand of one Assistant Chamberlain to the other. There were at least thirty before us. So we had time to look around us. We saw the Queen standing before her throne, dressed in black silk; and with a simple circlet of jet upon her brow; by her side stood the Prince Consort, while behind her on the throne the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred stood carefully looking on. On the left of the Prince Consort the Duke of Cambridge had taken his position; his whole breast was covered with orders. Then around and about too the noble and the great of the land. Palmerston and Clarendon, Russell and Newcastle grouped in one corner the Ministers of the Foreign Courts. We approached nearer; we heard the names of men distinguished in war and letters pronounced, we saw them bend the knee and kiss the hand of their Sovereign, and while she smiled approval upon them as they passed away. We had been instructed that as Americans we should not bend our knee or kiss the hand of a Queen. We stood in front of the throne and Victoria, the Lord Chamberlain standing by her side pronounced our name aloud; we bowed in respect to her as mother and a woman; she bowed gracefully and with a kindly smile; then to the Prince Consort, and joined the group in the room who were standing as spectators.

What shall we say of the Queen? That we were disappointed in her personal appearance we admit. Yet she is not only a Queen but a noble woman. She has been an example to every girl who steps from youth into wedlock. The faintest breath of slander has never been uttered against her good name. She has brought up her children properly and as would become any mother; she is the ornament to all the useful arts have they been educated to understand. Her manner to all is gracious and urbane; she never passes the humblest of her subjects but she inclines her head in recognition, and during her long reign her whole care has been to make her subjects happy and to bring prosperity to the nation. So let us all say, God bless the Queen.

Amid the crowd who filled the Royal Chamber where we stood, there was none more noble in appearance than our American Minister. He stood there amid those titled men in his severe black dress, contrasting so strongly with the glittering show around him, and yet his intellectual head, crowned with hair as white as the swan's plume, singled him out amid them all. The show was soon over. To-day we have been to a drawing-room—it was nearly the same, only there were more Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Bishops, Lords, Honorable Barons and the titled ladies, than on the previous occasion. The Duchess of Sutherland was the finest looking person we saw to-day. She is a magnificent woman, commanding in appearance, and dresses with consummate taste. Had we the time we would attempt to describe the dresses and jewels worn by all the titled ladies we saw to-day, but we are afraid we shall miss the mail. The grand drawing-room, on the Queen's birthday, next we shall particularly notice, and will then write a letter purposely for our lady readers. Thank goodness and our coachman, we are out of our livery again. It is a fearful thing; you cannot tell a moment what accident may occur to you. Everything seems stretched to its utmost tension, and consequently your movements must be regulated by the confidence you have in your tailor.

We again met the Queen on Wednesday, in Hyde Park, as well as the Prince Consort and Prince of Wales. As we were riding in our carriage we noticed a movement among the crowd of equipages as if to make way for something approaching. We turned our heads from our carriage and perceived two outriders, in crimson coat and top boots, riding forward, and about a hundred feet in advance of the royal carriage. The Queen was dressed in black, and appeared to much better advantage than at the drawing-room. She bowed as she passed, and in a good-natured manner, as if she was happy, whereas, on her throne, there were lines of care on her face and an anxious expression upon her countenance. The Queen was accompanied by the Princess Alice, a gentle, pale-faced girl. The carriage was drawn by four horses, who were ridden by two grooms, dressed in blue and silver. On each side of the carriage rode an equerry, behind the carriage rode two footmen, and following in this rear, perhaps a hundred feet, came two more outriders.

Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales were riding with some gentlemen in attendance in another portion of the Park. The Prince of Wales was mounted on a white poney, and was cantering along in advance of his father at a pretty rattling pace. Prince Albert looks well on horseback—his pictures do not flatter. He has the German cast of features, but he is tall, commanding, and would be a handsome man in any position of life. But we must close; we have been riding in Rotten Row, Hyde Park. We have been fox-hunting, and we have dined at Tattersall's; all of which will be the subject of our next letter.

AUGUSTUS.

The Court Journal states that Sir J. Eardley Wilmot relates that, shortly after the death of Mr. T. Asheton Smith, George Carter, his huntsman, sought an interview with an old friend of the family, and, with much earnestness, made the following proposition: "I hope sir, when I and Jack Fricker and Will (the whipper) die, we may be laid alongside master in the Mausoleum in, will you be so kind as to have our graves (two banners), and three or four couples of his hounds, in order that we may be all ready to start again together in the morning."

WINTER GARDEN.—MAREZEK ITALIAN OPERA.—Regular Opera Nights, at 8 P. M., MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, FRIDAYS, Saturdays, Grand Matinée at 1 P. M.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING. NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS. Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock. Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c. Admittance to everything, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children under ten years, 15 cents, and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

444 BROADWAY.—PROFESSOR JACOB'S TEMPLE OF MAGIC. THIS AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK. BRILLIANT SUCCESS, ASTONISHED AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCES, GRAND RECEPTION, TRIUMPHANT DEBUT.

The crowded houses and immense applause which have greeted the great English Wizard, Ventriloquist and Improvisatore, and his Golden Sprightly, are the best proofs of the amusement afforded. His Temple of Enchantment has become the resort of the fashion, beauty and literati of New York. Professor JACOB, with thirty years' practice, and the fame gained in Europe, India, California and Australia, unheralded by long announcements, without puff, clap-trap or humbug, has been received upon his first appearance with crowded, fashionable and delighted assemblies.

Admission, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents; Private Boxes, \$5 each. Doors open at 7½; performance to commence at 8. Box Office open daily to secure reserved seats.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Grand fashionable Matinées, illuminated as at night, every Wednesday and Saturday. Doors open at 2; performance to commence at 2½ o'clock.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1860.

ALL Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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Two do.	1 year	\$3
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OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Foreign News.

THE European intelligence is singularly uninteresting. The British Parliament, tired of talking about Savoy and Switzerland, was discussing the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell, which was dragging its length slowly through the Commons. It will probably be strangled in the House of Lords, as nobody seems to care for it. The London Times says if the exodus from Ireland continues much longer, that fine Island will soon be peopled by English and Scotch, while the United States will be Irish. It adds that the New World is the natural home of the Celt, whom it seems to consider small potatoes. The accounts from Sicily are so conflicting that it is impossible to know whether the insurrection is spreading or suppressed. Messina is tranquil, but the tranquillity itself is ominous; the prisons and citadel being full of prisoners, and the garrison at Palermo, although numbering twenty thousand men, is afraid to proceed into the interior. The frauds of chief cashier of the Union Bank amount to two hundred and sixty-three thousand pounds sterling. He had lost this enormous sum in the Stock Exchange, the Wall street of London. It is a mistake to compare Wall street with Lombard street—the latter is a respectable and solvent street. The execution of General Ortega and Colonel Carreza had created a profound disgust against the flagitious wanton who disgraces the crown of Spain, but it was more the act of Marshal O'Donnell than the Queen's. The capture of Don Carlos, has placed her in the unpleasant predicament of being compelled to shed the blood of her own uncle (the acknowledged head of the legitimist party, and the favorite of the priesthood, who regard Isabella as a usurper placed on the throne by the heretic English), or of having spared the real criminal and punished the dupes. The Pope had expelled the correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* from Rome.

Tom Sayers was being overwhelmed with honors and gold for the pluck and endurance he displayed in his fight with the Benicia Giant. These "representative men" of the British Lion and the American Eagle had met at Newmarket races, and passed several hours in the most friendly terms. Power is the secret of friendship. In connection with this subject we may mention that George Wilkes, the able editor of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, and our Special Correspondent and Artist, Dr. Augustus Rawlings, and Albert Berghaus, Esq., were presented to the Queen, on Tuesday the 24th, by the Hon. Mr. Dallas, our Minister to the Court of St. James.

Our Japanese Guests.

FOR the first time in history the most exclusive and mysterious of nations visits the freest and most accessible. Never before did such extremes meet. Punctilio and Dontcareism are "taking a drink" together, and the event is most significant. It is pushing Galileo's axiom of "the world moves" almost to the *reductio ad absurdum*. It is rendered more remarkable by the striking contrast presented at this very time by France and England in their Chinese negotiations; not that we would confound so refined and enlightened a people as the Japanese with so refined and yet degraded a race as the birdsnest and puppy dog eaters. Nevertheless, to a certain extent it may be considered as a proof of how much more the peaceful and yet dignified diplomacy of our Republic is adapted to such remote and bigoted peoples as the worshippers of Buddha, Confucius or Sintoo, than to the overbearing and violent system of the Western Powers. That our success with the Japanese surprised the English was evidenced by their availing themselves of our Consul, Mr. Townsend Harris, to introduce Lord Elgin to the Court of Yeddo, and our mutual willingness to facilitate each other's negotiations with other powers is a sign also in strict accord with the first visible recognition of equality ever given by the Japanese to a foreign power. They have hitherto permitted, as a great condescension, the Dutch to approach them, but it has been under the most humiliating conditions, and the slavish subservience of that money-making nation has doubtless fostered the persistent hostility of the Japanese to all intercourse with foreigners.

The importance of this Embassy from above thirty millions of

wealthy, ingenious and industrious people cannot be overrated, and we have resolved to illustrate it in a manner worthy our position of the Great Illustrated Paper of America. In order, therefore, that the public may the better understand these interesting strangers, we have given a brief but complete résumé of our negotiations, and endeavored to convey to our readers some idea of their domestic institutions. Our sketches are strictly accurate, and the accounts which accompany them are authentic in every particular, being confirmed by Commodore Perry's mission, published by Congress.

We shall continue these illustrations, and our next number will contain numerous and graphic representations, made by our own special artists on the spot, of the arrival, reception, proceedings—in a word, of every interesting incident in Washington connected with the most remarkable Embassy in the history of the world.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Epictetus could see no difference between murder through carelessness or design; indeed, quoth the old Greek, the former are the worst, since they want even the merit of motive. Judged by this dictum, the drunken or reckless pilot of the steaming *Belle*, whose infamous carelessness nearly led to the loss of three lives on the 8th, deserves the same fate as Harden. The *Times* says:

"Yesterday afternoon the steaming *Belle* ran into and capsized a pleasure yacht with two gentlemen on board, on the North River. The steaming vessel was stationary in the river within a few yards of the yacht, when the pilot rang the bell to start the engine. Afterwards, as one of the crew of the tug was endeavoring to fasten a rope to the wreck of the yacht, the pilot again started the tug, and the man fell into the water, but clinging to the mast of the wreck, was speedily rescued. Such recklessness cannot be too severely censured. Some notice ought to be taken of such criminal disregard of life."

The *New York Times* is terribly "exercised" as the religionists phrase it, about the coming of the Prince of Wales. It has had several editorials, in which it expresses a Jeremiah-like feeling for our Republic, more especially New York, partly we opine on account of its being its own headquarters. The lament and warning runs upon this *non sequitur*:—"Can any man be introduced to the City Fathers of Gotham, and see the abominations of our streets, Alms Houses, Hospitals, &c., without inwardly resolving to bombard New York the very first opportunity?" And in an article next day the *Times* actually considers that to shut up the Prince of Wales with Terence Parley or Richard Barry, for a whole day in a hack, while they showed the young man the elephant, would be a *casus belli* at once. After gravely assuring the American people that although the Japanese don't know an American gentleman from a rowdy, the young British Prince does, they prognosticate that a war will grow out of the well-meant tenderness of the City Fathers to Victoria's son, and say:

"If Mr. Buchanan—even he—went to London, and the leading merchants in the city drew up a 'round robin,' calling on Ben Caunt, the Tipton Slasher, and the Dusky Phenomenon to receive him kindly, and take him round to the fighting public-houses, we should certainly not feel our tempers improved by any such act of attention."

We don't exactly know what is meant by "even he," but expect if the Tipton Slasher does not punch the writer's head, that these dusky phenomena the City Fathers will!

The *amour propre* of Punch has been so disturbed by the plain statement of facts that appeared in our London edition of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, that the old hunchback becomes mystical—a very rare thing, we admit, in the old squaker of wit, wisdom and prejudice. Here are his verses:

Frank Leslie the layers
On Heenan assures,
He'd have easy smashed Sayers
If unbacked by doors.

Now we don't mean to say that our grammar is any better than Lindley Murray's, but still we never could have said or written "easy smashed Sayers," and the pun upon "Sayers and doors" is not so remote as to entitle it to a high rank in jekedom. Punch has not made a passable hit this time, and therefore justifies our friend John Brougham's saying, that if we want a very strong Punch, we shall have to go to Heenan instead of Bradbury & Evans.

There is something positively ludicrous in the manner in which certain ingenious rascals have sold real estate which never belonged to them, to unfortunate people who paid for these estates in the air. If there had not been considerable method in it we should have put them down as madmen, but a madness which is so profitable has no very commercial an odor, that we must consider them as sane. Fancy these men getting the better of a couple of Jersey Dutchmen, receiving their acres for some imaginary lots in Ninety-eighth street. We can realize the astonishment of our friends, Nunns & Clark, at finding two benevolent Jerseymen laying the foundation of a brown stucco residence on their property, and all unasked and gratuitous. Verily, this nineteenth century is either very benevolent or very impudent. It little matters which.

How can we account for the amazing ignorance displayed by the London press on American subjects? The *London Spectator*, edited by the grandson of an American, Thornton Hunt, openly glorifies our good President Buchanan, "for the noble stand he has lately made in refusing to have his conduct inquired into, and says: that every constitutional ruler in Europe must sympathize with him." What would the *London Spectator* have said had it been published in the days of Charles I., who had, like our friend James, of the White House, a constitutional objection to have his conduct inquired into? and what would the *Spectator* say now, if some of the gentlemen who are called upon to answer for their conduct by judge and jury, were to make "a noble stand and refuse to have their conduct inquired into?"

The fact is, our British friends confound Victoria and Buchanan together, but the Queen is so hampered by that "straight-waistcoat" Parliament, and so completely under the control of those well-trained keepers, her Ministers, that she can no more cut up a shine in Windsor Castle than she could in a Lunatic Asylum. On the other hand, James Buchanan is a responsible Prime Minister for four years, and is amenable to public criticism and Congressional inquiry.

The **Muscular Epidemic** having corrupted our blacksmiths, as related in our last, when two of the Troy fraternity wielded the hammer for the championship of horsehoes, has now reached the clergy. The *Maine Christian Advocate* says that the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, a Baptist preacher in South Berwick, Maine, lately set a day for baptizing a number of converts, and, although the weather proved very inclement and stormy, he went to work on his muscle, and at the end of forty-six minutes he had baptized fifty-six persons. It was considered the greatest feat of aquatic agility ever performed, and beats Heenan hollow. It took him about two hours to polish off one man. The Rev. Mr. Jamieson polishes off fifty-six candidates for celestial honors in forty-six minutes. If Heenan should succeed in getting the belt from Sayers, he ought to hand it over to the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, of Berwick, Maine, to whom it certainly belongs. What a Muscularman Jamieson would make. Great is Jamieson, and Heenan is merely his prophet!—*vide* O'Connell.

PERSONAL.

CHAMBER, the favorite Prima Donna, and her husband, sailed in the *Africa* on Tuesday for Europe.

COM. STOCKER and his family are stopping at the *Astor*. John P. Banks is likewise there.

GEN. SCOTT will remain in Washington till after the Japanese are received, as the President is anxious our great warrior should be present on that interesting occasion.

The gullibility of woman is perfectly astounding. A man named Board has married in five months seven respectable women—some from Missouri, Texas, North Carolina and Louisiana.

DR. CHARLES KRAETZ, the eminent philologist, died suddenly at Morrisania, on the 8th. He was a native of Hungary, and had received his education at Pesth University. He was driven from Europe in 1848, in consequence of complicity in the Polish Revolution.

PHINEAS ALLEN, the oldest editor of probably the oldest paper in America is dead. He established the *Pittsfield Sun* in 1797, and the paper is flourishing still.

A *WASHINGTON* letter in the *Providence Press* says the jealous lady who betrayed Key and Mrs. Pickens has published a book of political squibs, and the writer thinks, instead of making attacks upon Government officials, she had better cease her scandalous "goings on" with a young Washington clerk.

The ball which the Empress Eugenie gave in the Duchesse d'Albe's palace in Paris cost a lively figure. The decorations alone required \$50,000. The Em-

press wished to appear as Diana, but it is said the Emperor objected, as the costume was immodest and undignified—left too little for the imagination.

JUDGE TANEY is so feeble that serious fears are entertained of his ever being able to sit again on the Supreme Bench.

CAPT. SAMUEL SAMUELS, of the *Dreadnought*, arrived in New York from Liverpool last Wednesday, having made the run in eighteen days—from weighing anchor in the Mersey to dropping it here.

It is reported that when the President received George N. Sanders's dispatch from Charleston, recommending him to make peace with his successor, his excellency had to well shake himself to be assured that he was not fast asleep. What added to the insult was the injury "George" had inflicted upon his venerable patron's pocket in neglecting to prepay his epistle to St. James. If George does not lose his head he is immortal, or bears a charmed life.

The citizens of New York have resolved to give Gov. Banks a dinner, to which Gov. Morgan will be invited. The *Chicago Press* says he would sooner attend an execution.

On the 20th April Louis Napoleon entered his fifty-third year.

His Holiness **LENDING** Archbishop Hughes a Cardinal's hat. Genin is making it. As the Archbishop is an Irishman, it will, of course, be made green.

S. G. GOODRICH, the far-famed Peter Parley, is dead. The children of the last and present generation have lost their best instructor, for seldom has any man more thoroughly measured the exact capacity of childhood than this agreeable writer. He died of disease of the heart. He was in his seventieth year. It would be a fitting tribute, alike honorable to themselves and their departed benefactor, were the children to erect a monument to the memory of one who chose the nobler path of instructing and entertaining childhood and youth, to the selfish egotism of hoarding an existence away in spinning odes, elegies, tragedies or sonnets, all of which the world can do without. The eternal verities of so many young men, who oscillate between the maudlin inspiration of lager beer and comic journalism, is worse than filling waterpots with spoons—they are the men milliners of Parnassus, and only fit to measure tape for the masses.

MR. BUCHANAN has appointed Calhoun Benham, who was Judge Terry's alder and abettor in the murder of Broderick, to the office of District Attorney of San Francisco. Well may the *New York Times* call this a flagrant official outrage.

MR. KIDWELL vacates the editorial chair of the *Bergen Journal*, which will be occupied by Mr. Baldwin.

The *Circuit Judge* says that several imaginative gentlemen, both native and foreign, have formed a Club in Hoboken called the Story-Teller. It will meet at the Napoleon Hotel.

LAW AND HOOP SKIRTS—DECISION OF THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS REVERSED.—In the case of *E. J. Sherman vs. Samuel S. Sherwood*, of the celebrated firm of Douglas and Sherwood, in reference to the Patent for the new style of Knotted Hoop Skirts, known as the "Belle of the South," on appeal to the United States Court, before Hon. Wm. M. Merrick, in chambers, judgment was rendered in favor of Mr. Sherwood, the appellant. T. D. Stetson and George Gifford for Mr. Sherman, and Thomas P. How for Mr. Sherwood. So that Douglas & Sherwood possess the undisputed right to manufacture the most popular of all skirts, the Belle of the South.

In one of our news items last week it was stated that Judge Whitley, of Hoboken, and Coroner McGaffney had a squabble over a dead body. The statement was incorrect. The interview occurred after Judge Whitley had closed the inquest, and the discussion was caused by the Coroner declaring that in future he should take all inquests out of the hands of the Magistrates. Those who know Judge Whitley will not need this correction to convince them that he could not be guilty of conduct which would disgrace the position which he so ably and impartially sustains.

POLITICAL NEWS.

The Baltimore Constitutional Union Convention has met, and after a very brief sitting, has nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice President. In the very first ballot the strength of Mr. Bell was so manifest that those who had voted for Houston and other candidates, gave him sufficient votes to elect him. Mr. Everett was subsequently nominated by acclamation, Vice President. Although, generally speaking, the proceedings were marked with great harmony, yet a few of the more immediate partisans of the hero of San Jacinto were loud in their expression of indignation.

There is no question of the respectability and talent of the gentlemen who have just received the nomination, but how far the Southern States will support them remains to be seen. In these days of political excitement the great recommendation will be availability.

The resolutions of Mr. Wendell, the Congressional printer, before the Covode Committee, are creating quite a stir. They testified that as much as fifteen thousand dollars had been paid for a vote on the "English Bill." He also confessed to having had several interviews with the President during the excitement of that great struggle between the Republicans and Administration Democrats.

The contest between Sickles and Williamson for a seat in Congress came before the Supreme Court on the 10th. There is much conflicting evidence on both sides.

LITERATURE.

We have received from C. M. SAKTON, BARKER & Co., New York, *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and *The Money we Made by it*. This clever book has met with such decided favor in England that it has already passed through twelve editions, and the demand is not yet supplied. Those who read this little book will probably be astonished at the amount of money which can be made out of so small a parcel of land by careful and scientific management; and yet no one can doubt the statements so clearly and so simply set forth by the author. Management and economy will do much, and system is the keystone to perfect success. How to manage and how to economize systematically is the subject of *Our Farm of Four Acres*. It is charmingly written, and will repay perusal.

From **SHELDON & Co.** we have received *A Popular History of England*, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart. This book is intended to occupy that period in the reading of the young when the books of childhood are discarded and the serious study of history has not yet begun. It treats of the earliest periods of which but few connected or reliable facts can be obtained, and even traditional lore is more than usually vague, and continues it up to the crowning of William the Conqueror. It is written in a pleasant and popular style, and is calculated to interest, amuse and instruct. The accompanying illustrations are well executed and curious. It is a book which will become very popular among the young.

From **PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & MASON** we have received a valuable and interesting work, called *Popular Astronomy: A Concise Elementary Treatise of the Sun, Planets, Satellites and Comets*, by O. M. Mitchell, LL.D. A work by the accomplished and learned director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories cannot fail to be received with consideration by the public. Mr. Mitchell, while acknowledging his indebtedness to many eminent sources for facts, claims the arrangement of the work as entirely his own. The first chapter treats upon the Sun, the central orb of the planetary system; of the Discoveries of the Ancients and the Moderns; Chapters II. to VIII., inclusive, are devoted to Mercury, Venus, the Earth and its Satellite, Mars, the Asteroids, Jupiter and Saturn; Chapter IX. treats of the Laws of Motion and Gravitation; Chapter X., the same applied to a system of three revolving bodies; Chapter XI., *Lunar Astronomy*; Chapter XII., Uranus; Chapter XIII., Neptune; Chapter XIV., the Comets; Chapter XV., the Sun and Planets as ponderable bodies; Chapter XVI., the Nebular Hypothesis.

The valuable and varied information contained in this volume is conveyed in a style at once so pleasant and so perspicuous, that no point in the matter is left obscure even to the most ordinary intelligence. We predict for this work a success equal to that of his previous volume, "Planetary and Stellar Works."

MUSIC.

Italian Opera—Fourteenth Street.—The production of Rossini's "Mose in Egitto" at this establishment has proved a fair success with the public, and was also a success as a performance. Much care had been bestowed upon the rehearsals, which were frequent, and the consequence was a greater perfection than is usually found on our American operatic stage in the execution of the concerted music. We speak of this approvingly; it is a step in the right direction, and we hope to see the example more generally followed. The unaccompanied numbers in the first act were really admirably sung, as was also "Mi manca la voce," and the following ensemble at the close of the third act—the tempo of the latter was, however, taken much too fast. The encores which greeted these pieces were the best evidences of the excellence of the performance.

It is rarely we have an opportunity to speak highly of the orchestral performances at our opera-houses, but on this occasion it would be unjust did we not award it our cordial commendation. The orchestration is brilliantly bold, and was executed with a delicacy and precision rarely achieved unless in the Philharmonic. The balance of the orchestra was admirable, the light and shade artistically rendered, and its subordination to the soul of the opera, the voice, faithfully preserved. For vocal effects, Rossini's operas are studies. Prominently beautiful as are his accompaniments, glowing with brilliant figures

and rich in harmony, they are always the support and never the equal of the voice. It matters not how great the point of power to be worked up to, the voices are never covered up and overwhelmed by violins and flutes in alissimo and heavy masses of brass and wood; the effects are purely vocal, but heightened and breadthened by the judicious support of the instruments.

The music of "Mose" is very charming. It abounds in felicitous melodies, and is rich in concerted pieces of singular merit, but it is deficient in dramatic inspiration and intensity of human passion. It pleases, but it does not move; it has summer lightning flashes, but it lacks the earnest reality of the impetuous storm. Still, its trifling but ingenious brilliancy, and the rare musicianly skill exhibited in the concerted music forbid all feeling of *ennui*, and the hearer is delighted to the last.

We esteem this Adeline Patti's best rôle. It suited her voice to perfection, and she displayed so much musicianly aptitude and so much artistic sentiment that we cannot but entertain a feeling of certainty as to the greatness of her future career. Her progress is rapid and onward.

Madame Strakosch was painstaking and acceptable, as was also Madame Ficker.

Susini's Mose was a performance of rare ability. His rich voice, used with much judgment and skill, told with striking effect, and his acting was dignified and impressive. Brignoli sang more than usually well, but his execution is painfully labored and scholarlike. Ferri was more than usually exaggerated, and did all he could to destroy the balance of the concerted music. Soils acquitted himself well.

The opera was well put upon the stage, with the exception of the Red Sea, which was the funniest waste of water that ever adorned even an Italian opera. It reminded us of nothing that we had ever seen before, and we were rather surprised that so handsome a Mose should have consented to walk over so incongruous an ocean.

Italian Opera—Winter Garden.—"La Juive" and "Sardella" have drawn excellent houses to the Maretzky management during the past week, and Fabbri and Siggell have won additional honors for their earnest and admirable representations. Fabbri stands at the head of all the artists now in the country, and we sincerely regret that we are so soon to lose her. She will, however, appear in Verdi's "Nabucco" during the present week, and give us yet one new proof of her fine powers as a dramatic vocalist.

We regret to say that Maretzky's operatic season at Winter Garden closes this week. Let the lovers of opera take advantage of the few remaining nights, and give a brilliant ending to this well-conducted but too brief season.

Mason & Thomas's Classical Quartette Soirees.—The last of this interesting series of classical quartette soirees took place at Chickering's Rooms on Saturday evening, the 12th inst. The programme consisted of Haydn's charming Quartette in D major, which was most admirably played by Messrs. Thomas, Mesenthal, Matzka and Bergmann. Mr. Thomas reading the primo part with rare taste and feeling. We note great and sterling improvement in the playing of Theodore Thomas. His style is broader, his tone grander, his execution more articulate and brilliant, his intonation more certain and his reading more intelligent and self-reliant. He has made rapid strides in the perfection of his art, and has no rival that we know of on this continent. The second number was Beethoven's Sonets Appassionata, op. 67, for the pianoforte, which William Mason interpreted most artistically. In this country there are few pianists who dare essay Beethoven in public, and, be it said, there are few who understand his works well enough to render them intelligible, not to say interesting, to a mixed audience. Of this Mr. Mason is one, and his manipulative power is equal to the interpretation of works which are immense in their peculiar difficulties and profound in musical metaphysics. We can hardly compliment William Mason higher when we say that he interpreted this work of Beethoven's mentally and physically to the satisfaction of his critical audience.

The third number was a *Reverie d'Esperance*, by Hector Berlioz, for the violin, performed most admirably by Theodore Thomas. We never heard Mr. Thomas play so finely, either as regards grandeur of expression or perfection of execution. The composition is a curious specimen of *musical mechanics*—a singular mixture of how possible it is to make a great deal, in length, out of nothing, and a seeming of intensity without an atom of musical inspiration. No one can pretend to ignore the strong and original mind of Berlioz in the mathematics of music, but all clearness and consecutiveness desert him when he embarks on the sea of composition.

The fourth and last number was Beethoven's Quartette in A minor, op. 132. It was finely played, but we confess that it wearied us immensely. It seemed to us a mere labyrinth of elaborated figures, wonderful in contrapuntal science, but wearying and uninteresting as an entire work. Hereby, no doubt, but we do not hesitate to say that even Beethoven can be tedious, inconsecutive and weak. Constant hearing or practice may render this work familiar, but can never make it congruous.

One word now to Messrs. Mason and Thomas. These soirees lack one element of success—popularity. Three such soirees as those of Beethoven and Berlioz heard consecutively and immediately one after the other, compel too much strain upon any mind, however classically inclined. The styles of music should be varied systematically and always and at least two vocal pieces, by female voices, should vary the inevitable monotony of one prevailing tone. If these concerts are intended as mediums of instructing or directing taste, they are fashioned after the principle of the mother who surfeits her child with sweets and effects a cure by educating utterly the disease. Only the tremendously classical could desire a repetition of the programme of Saturday evening. Besides, there is much that is beautiful and pleasing that would harmonize with any of the strictest classical works, and combined would make programmes at once pleasing and instructive, and attract twenty hearers to every one now attending.

DRAMA.

For weeks past we have been forced, from the entire absence of anything to write about, to curtail our dramatic department of its (fair) proportions. Theatrical squabbles, managerial difficulties, authors' troubles have been plenty as blackberries in August, but as we have before taken occasion to remark, we think such events come rather within the province of the personal itemizer than our own. At length, however, we see a turn in the road—novelty here, novelty there, novelty everywhere—generally, it is true, just visible in the dim distance, but at two establishments a reality. During the present week Mr. Wallack produces "The Overland Route," a comedy of peculiar construction (as the playbills say); and next week Mr. Joseph Jefferson commences his summer season at Laura Keane's.

Of the success of "The Overland Route" there can be scarcely a doubt, its Transatlantic reputation being first-class, and we much regret that in consequence of the late day of its production we are obliged to defer our notice of it until our next issue. Mr. Jefferson enters upon his managerial career with most flattering prospects. He is one of the most popular actors of the day, and with New Yorkers an especial favorite. In addition to this, we understand that he has surrounded himself with a most competent company, and intends to produce the "American Cousin" with very nearly the original cast.

Mrs. Keane's brilliant season was brought to a brilliant close on Saturday, by a farewell benefit to that accomplished lady. We are certain we only echo the feelings of the public in wishing this most charming artist a pleasant visit to the home of her birth, and a speedy return to the land of her adoption.

The equestrian spectacle, called "Blue Beard," is a great success at Nibbles, the dresses and properties being of the most gorgeous description, and the acting, especially among the horses, admirable and exciting.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Since the Prince of Showmen has resounded his throne every week has been one of brilliant success. The Lecture Room has been crowded to witness Bourcinal's "Dot, or Cricket on the Hearth," which is excellently represented, Clarke's Peerybingie and Miss Mestayer's Dot being admirable representations. The drama alone is a great attraction, but we have in addition Professor Hutchins, the Lightning Calculator, the What Is It, and ten thousand other curiosities. On Tuesday Miss Mestayer had her benefit. She is a painstaking and efficient actress, and deserves her popularity. Barnum added another sensation to his usual list by having an auction on Monday of numerous old curiosities, in order to make room for novelties.

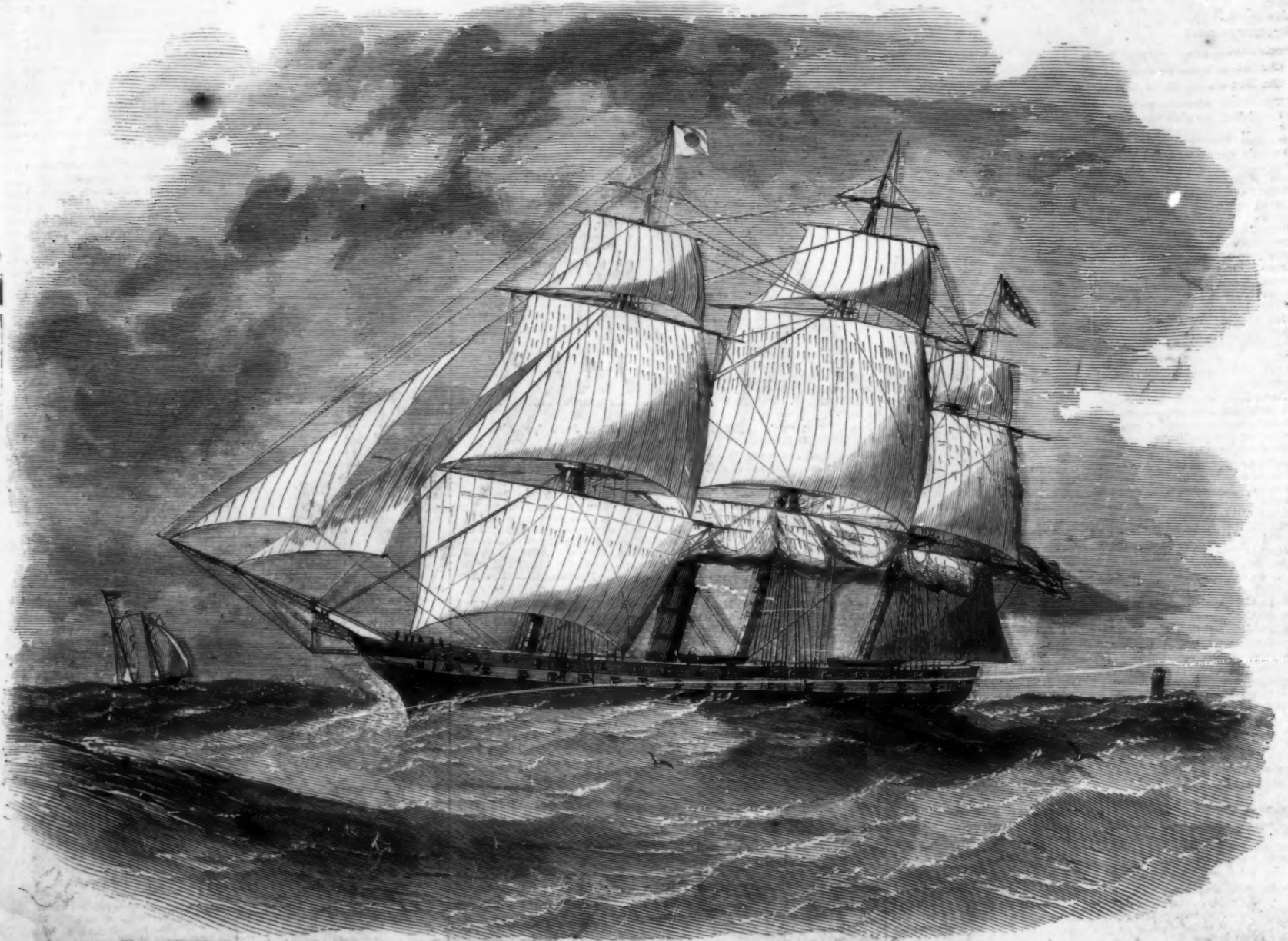
APPALLING CATASTROPHE AT THE PALACE GARDEN.

A YOUNG aeronaut, Mr. Connor, who had made a very successful ascension about three weeks since, met with his death on the 10th, in a most melancholy manner. His balloon, the Venus, was inflated at the Palace Garden about five o'clock, and a large crowd was gathered to witness Mr. Connor and his wife make an ascent in it.

During the inflation part of the silk gave way, but Mr. Connor had it repaired, and despite the remonstrances of his friends, resolved to go up in it. He, however, said, there was not sufficient buoyancy to carry two, and therefore entered the car without his wife. Before the balloon had time enough to clear the building, a violent gust of wind caught it and dashed it with great violence against the concert and dancing saloon. The basket containing Mr. Connor was hurled with immense force through a window, but, unfortunately, the ascending power of the balloon dragged it out again, when it collapsed and fell to the ground.

Mrs. Connor fainted, the women screamed, and a scene of the utmost confusion ensued.

The balloon had floated into an adjoining lot, while the car in which Mr. Connor was fell on the roof of the concert-room. He was taken out insensible and attended by some eminent physicians, without loss of time. No bones were found broken, and only a few slight scars on the face were visible, but the internal injuries must have been severe, since he died at eleven o'clock that night. He was an enthusiast in his profession.



THE U. S. FRIGATE ROANOKE, WITH THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS, APPROACHING SANDY HOOK, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 9TH, AND RECEIVING A PILOT FROM THE PILOT BOAT JANE, NO. 1—AFTER SHE HAD ANCHORED DESPATCHES FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY WERE SENT ON BOARD, ORDERING HER TO PROCEED AT ONCE TO HAMPTON ROADS.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

When but a very few years ago our Government, by a series of judicious measures, most ably carried out by Commodore Perry and others, induced Japan to open her gates to the world, it was generally conceded that we had peaceably and firmly accomplished one of those deeds by which a nation shows itself truly great in history. Every maritime power in Europe had for two centuries endeavored to accomplish this, but in vain. A few scornful concessions of extremely limited trade to the Dutch, accompanied by such humiliating and insulting conditions as have made the word Japan a degradation to Holland, were about all that the Western world has had from this ultimate point of the East. Even now it is only with America that Japan seems inclined to hold courteous and equal intercourse. The Russian and Englishman are still repelled by the people of the *dairi* with suspicion and distrust.

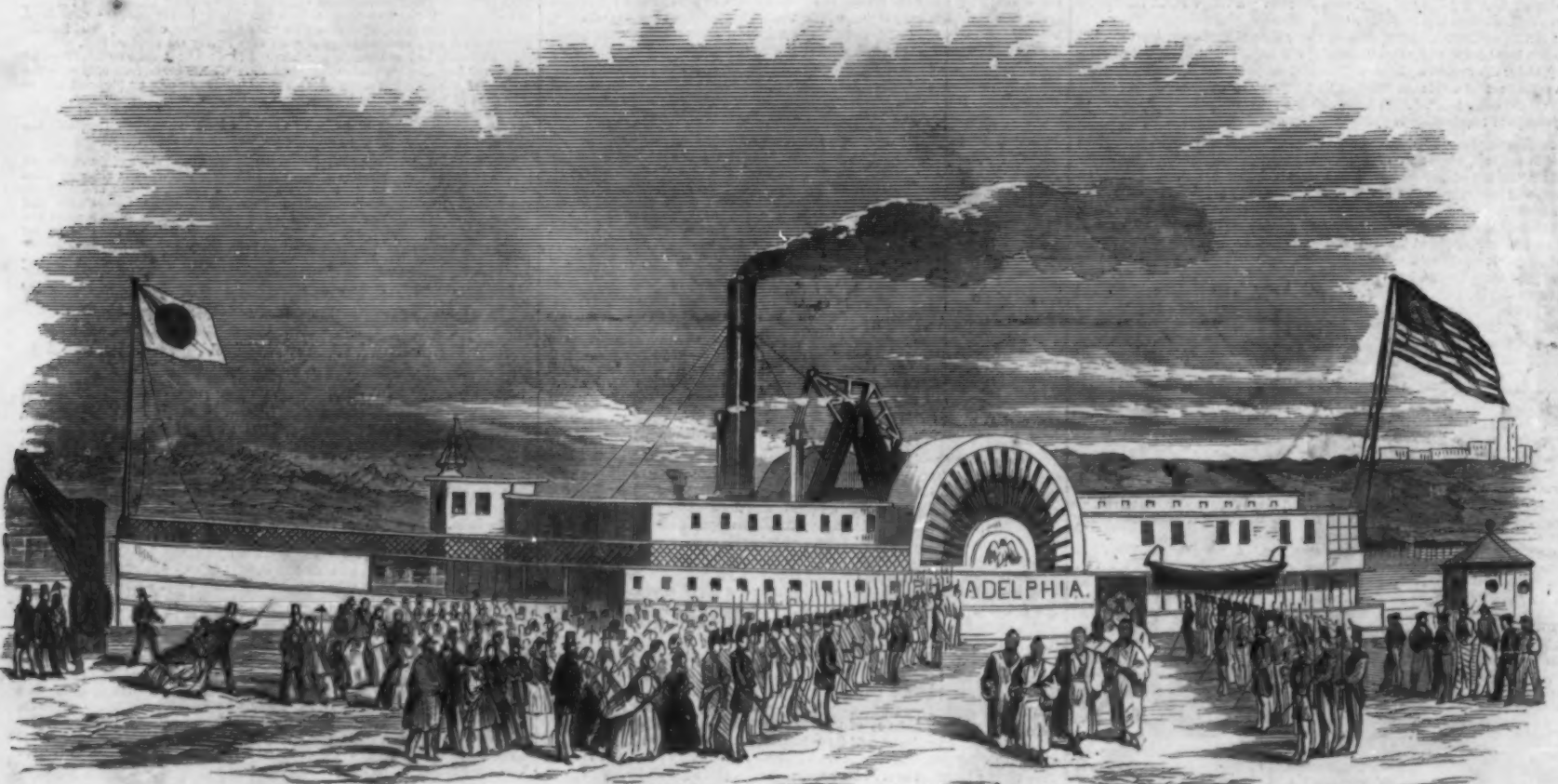
These considerations render the approach of the first Japanese legation to this country—the first which ever went from its shores to any nation except China—a matter of peculiar interest. It is the

proof of a great commercial conquest peaceably effected in the noblest manner. The greatest praise is due to Townsend Harris, our Consul-General for Japan, for the perseverance and energy which he manifested in obtaining the sending this embassy. Great opposition was made, but fortunately there is a progressive party even in the last strong hold of conservatism, a party which believes in developing all the industrial resources of the country, and in encouraging peaceful foreign relations, and this party triumphed. The deed is now almost done, and there are few of which any country ever yet had cause to be so justly proud. During the excitement of receiving these strangers let all who reflect on the real importance of their mission do honor to the ability, fearlessness and tact of our noble consular representative, Townsend Harris.

Since penning the above, a rumor of the death of Mr. Harris has reached us. It is needless to say that especially at the present time such an event might be regarded as a national calamity. We can only trust that the report is unfounded.

Probably no foreigner was ever treated with more distinction by the Japanese than Mr. Harris, and his influence was entirely a moral

one. Unsupported by an armed force or an imposing diplomatic corps, he secured the treaty of commerce and the embassy of which we have spoken, by clear determination, tact and courtesy. He was always received with honor by the Tycoon, and while sick at Yeddo was attended by the Tycoon's own doctor and supplied with delicacies made by the Queen herself. Mr. Harris was instrumental in aiding the English and French to obtain treaties with Japan, based upon that of the United States, and the courteous and generous assistance extended by him to Lord Elgin while in Japan was handsomely acknowledged by the English Government. It will thus be seen that Mr. Harris deserves a distinguished place among those of our public men who have so performed their duties as to reflect the utmost honor on their country. A slight act of personal folly or of forgetfulness—and how few there are who are never guilty of such deeds—might have destroyed our prestige at the Court of Japan, and delayed for years our progress in establishing relations with that country. It was not by mere good fortune, but by the strictest exercise of good sense and great ability that our Consul obtained the influence referred to.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP PHILADELPHIA, WITH THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS AND THEIR SUITE, AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, AT 11½ O'CLOCK A.M., MONDAY, MAY 14.]

Before giving a synopsis of the voyage of these most remarkable visitors, we think it will interest our readers to have an account of the reception of the presentation by Commodore Perry, of the gifts sent by our Government to the Emperor of Japan.

Presenting the Gifts from the American President to the Japanese Authorities.

The day fixed upon for the delivery of the presents sent by the American Government was Monday, the 13th March, 1853, and although the weather was unsettled and the waters of the bay rough, they reached the shore without any accident. Among the most important were the following articles. A railroad, locomotive and car; a telegraph apparatus, wire, &c.; fifteen Hale's rifles; three Maynard's muskets, twelve cavalry sabres, six artillery swords, one carbine, twenty army pistols, two carbines, box of books, dressing-case, perfumery, barrel of whiskey, wine cordials, champagne, maraschino, tea, life-boats, "Audubon's Birds of America," Irish potatoes, stores, measures, weights and standards, charts and a large quantity of agricultural implements.

These filled several large boats, and left the ship escorted by a number of officers, a company of marines and a band of music, all under the superintendence of Captain Abbott, who was delegated to deliver the presents with proper ceremonies to the Japanese High Commissioners. A building adjoining the Treaty-house had been constructed for the purpose, and on landing Captain Abbott was met by Zezaimanz, the Governor of Uraga, and several subordinates and conducted to the Treaty-house. Soon after entering Prince Hayashi came in and led Captain Abbott to a smaller room. Here was delivered Commodore Perry's letter to the Japanese authorities. The result of this interview was the appointment of the 16th (Thursday) for an interview between the Commodore and the officials. This meeting was to take place on shore.

The presents having been thus formally delivered, the American officers and mechanics assisted the Japanese in unpacking and arranging them. A piece of level ground was selected for laying down the circular track of the little locomotive, and posts were brought and erected for the extension of the telegraph wires, the Japanese taking a very ready part and watching the progress of the work with a childlike delight. The telegraphic apparatus was soon in order, the wires extending nearly a mile. When all was in order messages both in Japanese and English were transmitted, and the astonishment of the Japanese was unbounded. Dignitaries of great gravity would come with all the eagerness of boys, and send some short mes-



JAPANESE PRIEST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN.

sage, and watched like eager children the process. The great wonder, however, was the railroad. Everything worked admirably. The car, however, being too small for a grown-up man some of the high officials mounted the roof, and it was a most amusing spectacle to see a portly form flying through the air on the top of the carriage at the rate of twenty miles an hour. They, however, hung on with great tenacity, and no accidents occurred.

The Persons of the Embassy.

The Embassy consists of two Ambassadors Plenipotentiary, who are nobles or princes of the highest rank. With these are two others of nearly equal rank, a Censor and a Vice Governor. The duties of these latter officers is to report all that passes under their observation. The number comprising the Embassy consists of seventy-two persons—two Ambassadors, one Censor, one Vice Governor, sixteen under officers and secretaries, and fifty-two servants or soldiers, viz.:

1. Ambassador—Sinme-Bujen-no-kami.
2. Ambassador—Muragake Awagano-kami.
3. Chief Censor—Ogure-Bungono-kami.
4. Vice Governor—Morita Oksataro.

Officers of the First Rank belonging to the Ambassadors—Narusen Gensiro, Sakahara Jhugoro.

Officers of the First Rank belonging to the Censor—Hetaka Keisaburo, Oasakabe Tetsuro.

Under Officers belonging to the Ambassadors—Matamoto Sannojio, Yosida Sagosaimon.

Under Officers of the Vice Governor—Masuda Sunjuro, Tago Hosingoro.

Under Officers of the Censor—Kuri-sima, Hico-hatsiro, Sewo-sawa-Scogoro.

Officer and Chief Interpreter—Namura Gohatsiro.

Interpreters—Tateish Tokujaro, Tateish Onagero.

Doctors—Meodake, Morayama, Cowasaki.

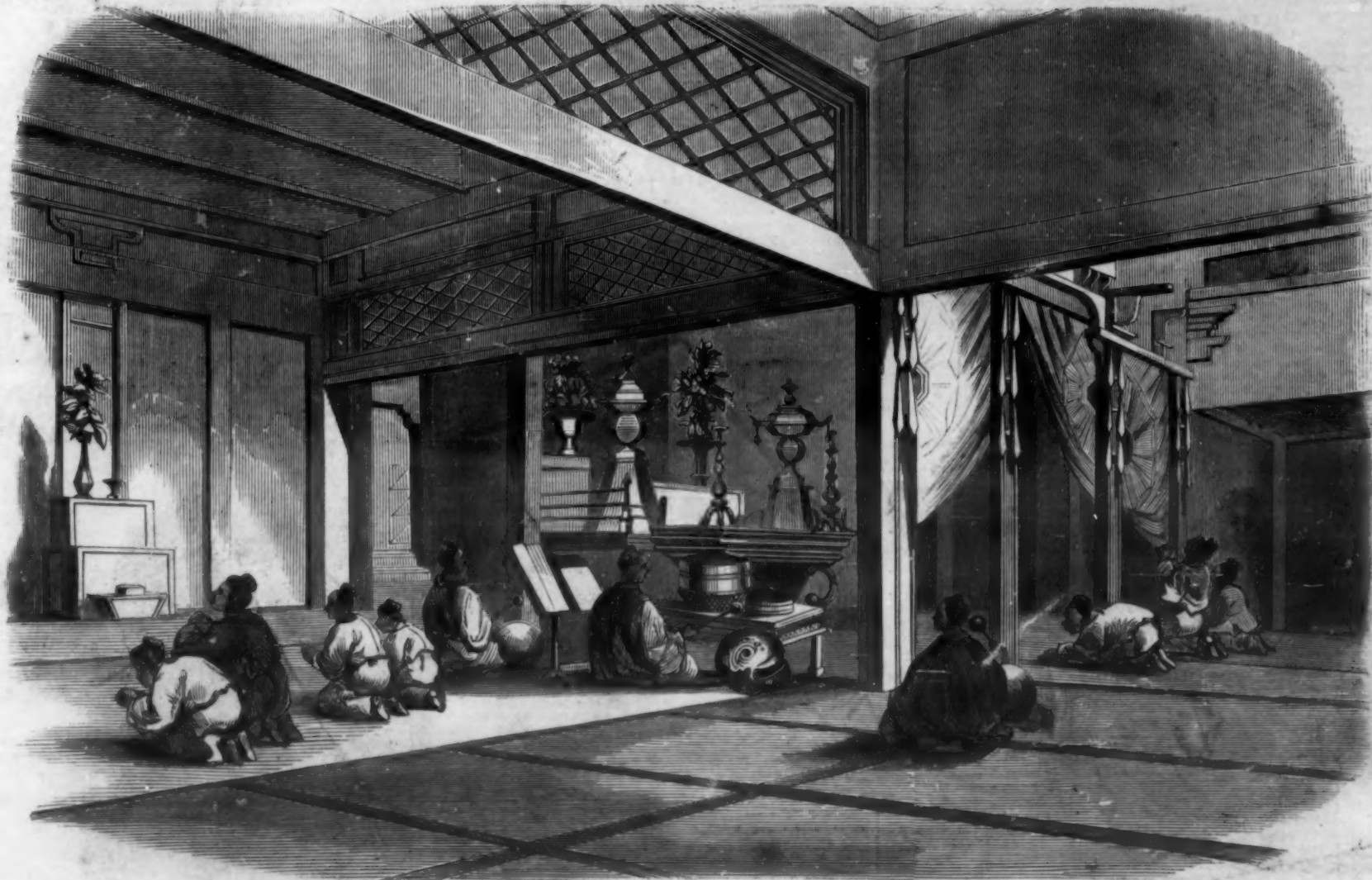
These Japanese are extremely desirous of acquiring information, and not only take notes copiously, but have with them an artist to sketch. Some drawback to their curiosity exists in the fact that but few of them speak English. It is creditable to them that even a few can do this. The Chief among them is of the highest rank in the empire among the two hundred nobles which it boasts. The rank of the principal Ambassadors is as follows:

1. Ambassador—Sinme-Bujen-no-kami (Sinme, Lord or Prince of the province of Bujen). Sinme is the hereditary name of this prince, who ranks a little higher, or is more powerful in Japan, than the following:

2. Ambassador—Muragake Agaweno-kami (Muragake, Lord or Prince of the province of Agawe).

3. Censor—Ogure, Lord or Prince of the province of Bunge.

These three are hereditary princes or rulers of provinces. The



INTERIOR OF A TEMPLE IN JAPAN.—WORSHIPERS AT THEIR DEVOTION.

proper title of each in England would be his Royal Highness, and in the United States his Excellency, being the highest titles under the sovereign or ruler. The Chief Censor is really Secretary, and constantly forwards home reports of all observed. The fourth, Morita Okatara, is Treasurer and also Counsellor. As has been said, "He is the Lord Palmerston of the Embassy, and nothing can be done without his approval. He appears to be clothed by the Emperor with very high powers." All these four officers are from the nobility—the advisers and counsellors of the Emperor.

Their Voyage across the Pacific.

During their voyage across the Pacific, these dignitaries displayed on all occasions, the same politeness and the same patience under personal inconveniences and trials which would be shown by the most courteous and refined men of the Western world. No difficulty whatever occurred, and they invariably expressed themselves gratified with their accommodations and with the officers of the vessel. It should, however, be remarked, that every arrangement had been made for these passengers, and that the American officers fully understood the cultivated character of their guests.

Arrival at San Francisco.

After leaving Honolulu on the 18th of March the Powhatan had a fine run to San Francisco, where it arrived on the 27th. The Japanese Ambassadors were here received with appropriate honors. On the Monday they landed and visited the International Hotel. From thence they proceeded to the Washington Baths, where they indulged in a variety of warm, cold, shower, &c. On the Tuesday they were visited by the French, English and other foreign Consuls, who took to them numerous presents of sweetmeats, &c. On their visit to the Vulkan Works the next morning Mr. Donoho regaled the Embassy with champagne, which they seemed to relish highly.

The grand event, however, of their stay in San Francisco was their public reception at the City Hall, where the preparations were on the most extensive scale. The closing ceremony was a banquet at John's Saloon on Washington street, where every delicacy was provided.

Among the numerous toasts were the Emperor of Japan and the President of the United States—whereupon the Japanese Admiral arose and begged them to drink it over again, but putting the President first.

While in San Francisco the Japanese officials received every attention from the citizens and public authorities. One of the peculiarities first manifested by the foreign dignitaries was a disinclination to regard ladies as equals, in consequence of which they were forbidden to set foot on their vessel. This is said to have been owing less to adherence to their own prejudices than to a misapprehension of the social position of women in America.

Their Reception at Panama.

On the 24th of April the United States steamer Powhatan, bearing the Japanese Commissioners, and commanded by Captain George F. Pearson, arrived at Panama. It is needless to say that she had been most anxiously expected, and was received with all the honors. "She came up the harbor," says the Panama correspondent of the *Herald*, "in gallant style, the Japanese flag at the fore, and the Stars and Stripes at the spanker, saluting the flag of officer Montgomery, of the United States steam frigate Lancaster, which was answered by a minister's salute of seventeen guns." All the shipping in the harbor was in gala rig and "peacock" with the flags and signals of all nations.

Soon after the Powhatan came to anchor, Captain A. S. Taylor (who once visited Japan in the Powhatan and passed a year traveling in the country), went on board the vessel and was received with delight by his old friends. He had been left at San Francisco, and was, in fact, their special guardian during the voyage. During the day their baggage was taken from the Powhatan and sent on to a pinwall. It filled four cars and weighed eighty tons. One object of peculiar interest was, however, retained by them. It was the "treasure box," which they never suffer to be out of sight, and which one of their number is specially deputed to watch. It is about three feet long, two feet in depth and eighteen inches wide, and is covered with red morocco leather, handsomely stitched about the edges. The box is inclosed in a light frame, made of slats about two inches wide and half an inch thick, resembling very much the frame about Herring's sled. It is carried by two poles, about ten feet long, borne on the shoulders of four men. There are, in fact, three boxes which form the one covered by leather. One box contains the letter from the Emperor, or Treaty, to the President; one, the Japanese treaty, in their own language; the other, a copy of the treaty in English, which they bring to have signed by the President—the original having been burnt up in the great fire at Yeddo two years ago. One of the principal objects of the Embassy is to obtain the signature in question.

After the salutations on landing at Panama were over an address was delivered by A. B. Corwin, Esq., United States Consul, after which there was a general introduction to American and Panama officers and officials.

They Cross the Isthmus.

The seventy members of the Japanese legation then entered the five cars, which were placed at their disposal, accompanied by the Governor of Panama and others, including a number of ladies. The train started at eight o'clock, and was one hour en route to San Pablo, the half-way station, twenty-four miles, when a collation, with abundance of good wine, was prepared for the company by Mr. Center, in behalf of the railroad company. Here they remained one hour, and in another hour reached Aspinwall, where the Ambassadors and suite were immediately embarked on the frigate Roanoke, under a salute of seventeen guns.

Before reaching Aspinwall, when the train stopped at the half-way house, a number of the Japanese descending began to sketch with marvellous rapidity and correctness fruits, birds, animals or any striking objects which they observed.

Their Arrival at Aspinwall.

On reaching Aspinwall, which they did at five minutes to eight, after the quick trip of one hour and fifty minutes, they were transferred to the United States steam frigate Roanoke, which had been kept, to her great detriment, nearly one year at Aspinwall for the reception of this legation. The Roanoke and Sabine were in waiting at the mail-wharf, and the whole party were speedily and safely embarked, and proceeded to the flagship. The barge of Flag Officer McCluney preceded the other boats, conveying the Ambassadors, the Adviser, the Officer of the Treasury, the Chief Interpreter, Captain William H. Gardner, commanding the Roanoke (who went over to Panama to await the arrival of the Ambassadors, and escort them to Aspinwall), Captain A. S. Taylor, commanding the Marine Guard of the United States steam frigate Powhatan, and in charge of the Embassy. As the Ambassadors were coming over the gangway of the magnificent Roanoke there was a roll of drums, the "present arms" of the Marine Guard, and the presence of the officers of the Sabine and Relief made quite an imposing ceremony.

The Flag Officer, McCluney, stood at the gangway and cordially welcomed the Embassy in the name of our Government and people, having been first personally introduced by the Chief Interpreter, Nam-on-m. An ambassadorial salute of seventeen guns was then fired from the flagship, with the imperial ensign of Japan flying from the foremast head, and the Ambassadors, after acknowledging this courtesy to their Emperor and their cordial reception, were, with the Adviser, Officer of the Treasury and the Chief Interpreter, then introduced to the officers assembled upon the quarterdeck, and afterwards invited into the cabin.

We are indebted to the special Panama correspondent of the New York Times for the following items relative to their minor arrangements on board the Roanoke:

The Ambassadors, Adviser, Officer of the Treasury, High Officers, Chief Interpreter and guests having partaken of refreshments in the cabin, and the other officers and invited guests of lunch and refreshments in the ward-room, commenced upon the selection and arrangement of their quarters, six large and airy departments having been erected upon either side of the gundeck, which, with the Captain's office and the Flag Secretary's state-room, accommodated the Ambassadors and all the officers. The mode of selection was thus: The several rooms were examined, and when a selection was made a corresponding ticket posted upon the door of the room, and so on, until all were accommodated, the good-natured and jolly "Governor" superintending this business. The servants were quartered upon the gundeck, between the guns, a canvas screen being placed before their quarters. A large Japanese copper range, with their cooking utensils, was brought over from the Powhatan and placed near the galley of the Roanoke, on the gundeck, where the Japanese cooks were soon at their work, their provisions having been brought with them. They use charcoal in this range, and all

the pots and kettles are kept as clean and bright as the most fastidious housekeeper could desire.

Notices were posted in different parts of the ship, indicating what officers were permitted to use certain ladders, &c. The utmost regularity prevailed in all the different departments and movements of the whole party—everything being thoroughly organized.

The two Ambassadors, Adviser and Officer of the Treasury messed with the Flag Officer and the Captain. The other officers, eighteen in number, messed with the ward-room officers. The starboard steerage was given up to their officers for a chow-chow-room, where they could take their tea and own peculiar dishes, served by their own cooks, at all hours during the day.

Incidents on the Voyage.

During the voyage the principal men of the embassy remained most of the time in their state-rooms. While stopping at Porto Bello for water, they allowed all their attendants to land, when the drawing and sketching at once began again. While there, the officers of the Roanoke invited eighteen of their guests to a ward-room lunch, on which occasion healths were drunk, and the meal assumed a convivial and most agreeable form. Everything was arranged for their accommodation on board the Roanoke, so that they might feel comfortable and at home. Everything in the way of eating, drinking and smoking was furnished them. "All had enough of everything, from the Ambassadors down to the cooks."

During the voyage they all assembled to witness the drill of the Roanoke Rangers. This is a company of twenty-one boys, from twelve to eighteen years of age, who act as a sort of errand boys, though they are also thorough sailors on the ship. These boys are thoroughly trained in all kinds of firearm exercise which is taught in military academies. They exercise with Perry's carbine, and perform with skill many manoeuvres. The Japanese watched these exercises with much interest.

Change of Programme.

During the voyage the Roanoke encountered light head winds, so as to be obliged to steam it the whole distance from Aspinwall.

The Government at Washington had, however, changed its mind with regard to the destination of the Japanese. It had recently come to official knowledge that the time of the Embassy was limited to little more than two months in this country, and it was considered advisable that their first ceremonious reception should be by the President. The Navy Department consequently issued orders to have the Roanoke intercepted before reaching New York, and ordered to Hampton Roads, where a steamer was specially chartered to convey them to Washington. In order to effect this, copies of official dispatches from the Secretary of the Navy were put on board each of the Sandy Hook pilot-boats, with directions to deliver them so soon as the Roanoke should come in sight. A vessel from the Navy Yard was also detailed to wait at Sandy Hook for the same purpose.

Arrival off Sandy Hook.

May 9, at three P.M., the Roanoke was first seen by the pilot-boat Jane (No. 1) steaming in from the south east, with all her canvas spread. Shortly afterwards, Milvamer, one of her pilots, was put on board, she then being some fifty miles off shore. At half-past five P.M. she made her appearance south-east of the Highlands, and, on making the land, she immediately shortened sail. She came in very rapidly under the pressure of steam and canvas, the pilot-boat George Steers, with two reporters on board, being already on her way out to meet her. At half-past six o'clock she passed Sandy Hook, and at seven o'clock anchored near the south-west Spit. Here Captain Elias Smith, a reporter of the New York Times, went on board from the pilot-boat George Steers, and delivered to the Flag Officer, McCluney, a copy of the dispatches from the Navy Department, which directed that the ship should not enter the port of New York, but proceed at once to Hampton Roads. It is needless to say that this order produced a feeling of profound disgust and disappointment among all the officers of the ship—a feeling which was generally shared by the crew. The Japanese, it is said, approved of the arrangement of allowing them first to see the President and the officers of the Government.

Arrival of the Embassy in Hampton Roads.

The Roanoke arrived in Hampton Roads on the 13th, when it was immediately boarded by Captain Dupont, of the Navy; Captain Taylor, of the Marines; Mr. Legard, son-in-law to Secretary Cass; Mr. Portman, the Interpreter; Commodore Lee; Lieutenant Porter, Secretary of the Commission; Mr. Macdonald and some invited guests. The reporters followed in another boat. In the cabin of the Roanoke, Captain Dupont was formally introduced to the Japanese Ambassadors, and showed his commission from the President to take charge of the distinguished strangers. The Interpreter responded to the introduction in a very friendly manner. The Treaty was then taken from its box and shown to the authorities. The Interpreter conversed very freely with those present, and spoke remarkably good English.

Their Arrival in Washington.

On the morning of the 13th, the Philadelphia received the Ambassadors on board and steamed up the Potomac. As it passed Mount Vernon the vessel slackened her speed, in order to give the Japanese artists an opportunity of sketching the mansion and other interesting localities. At an early hour the Navy Yard was thronged with a dense crowd, and the excitement was supreme. At half-past eleven a gun from the Navy Yard announced that the steamer was at hand, when Mayor Berret went on board, and was introduced to the illustrious strangers. They were evidently much gratified with all they saw. The Club Boats on the river, with the American and Japanese flags, added to the brilliant effects of the scene.

The treaty box was first brought from the boat, and then followed the Japanese, under the escort of several naval officers. They passed, as they landed, between the American and Japanese flags.

Having approached to where Captain Buchanan was standing, he, in the presence of his brother naval officers, welcomed them in the name of the President of the United States and the country, reciprocating the kind feelings expressed by the Japanese Government when the treaty was made by the gallant Perry. As an humble participant on this other interesting occasion, he felt proud of being the medium of their reception on the part of his countrymen.

The dignitaries, thus addressed through the interpreter, bowed their acknowledgments.

While these ceremonies were progressing a salute was fired from the Battery.

The military, presenting a beautiful appearance, were arranged on the side of the plankway (newly whitewashed) on which the visitors walked to the gate, where the cortege formed.

First, the President's Mounted Guard;

Then the Japanese in hack;

Next, the treaty, in a large red morocco box, in a square cage, was carried on the top of the omnibus.

The Marines and District militia followed, and there was music from several bands.

The sidewalks on Pennsylvania avenue were crowded and the windows filled.

The intense excitement continued throughout the distance from the Navy Yard to the quarters of the Japanese, which they reached at about a quarter of two o'clock.

Women of Japan.

The inferiority of Eastern Nations to the Western is no where more apparent than in their treatment of women. Indeed, it may be assumed as a postulate, that social elevation of women is the test of civilization; while in China, and other Eastern countries, the weaker sex is considered to be a mere chattel, or as an instrument of pleasure. In Japan she is treated as the equal and companion of man. There is no polygamy in Japan, and no harems—and it may be said, so far as the experience of all writers has gone, the domestic virtues are cultivated there as in Christian countries. The women have their circle of acquaintances—their tea parties and feasts, and enjoy the most unrestrained intercourse with men. They are rather a comely race; the great disfigurement in the eyes of an European being their black-stained teeth, which is the distinguishing mark of their being married women. They are exceedingly well formed, and their manners very vivacious.

What is considered female reserve in this country they have not the least idea of, since the distinctive modesty of our American officers was much shocked by the simplicity of their manners, such as bathing indiscriminately with men, and washing themselves in little tubs at the doors of their dwellings, careless whether they

were passing by or not. Their dress is very much like the male costume, and their manners are very courteous.

They retain their hair, which is tied in a knot on the top of the head. They almost invariably carry an umbrella when they go abroad, either to keep off the rain or the sun. They are a very industrious race, and work occasionally in the fields with the men, but the labor there is very light, and not more than that voluntarily assumed by many ladies in our higher circles who are fond of a garden. The Japanese women are excellent wives and mothers.

The Japanese Priesthood.

Like all civilized nations, the Japanese are very religious—or it would be more correct to say, they abound in the external appearance of an established form of worship, and, judging from the behavior of the people, the masses are evidently very devout. They are also very tolerant of all religions except the Christian, the antipathy being founded upon the intrigues of the Roman priesthood centuries ago, and which led to their expulsion. The Buddhist and Sintoo worshippers are those most in favor with the lower orders, but it is suspected the more highly educated take refuge in scepticism, or are entirely indifferent to all kinds of faith.

In Simoda alone there are no less than nine Buddhist temples, one large Mia or Sintoo temple, and a great number of smaller shrines. Those devoted to the worship of Buddha have strange fanciful titles. The largest is called Rio-shen-gi, or Buddha's Obedient Monastery; the Great Peace Monastery; the Rice-Field Monastery; the Continued Joy Monastery; the Source of Reason Monastery; and the Long-Life Monastery. Twenty-five priests and a few acolytes are attached to these temples, and are supported by burial fees and other ceremonies. The buildings are of wood and are unpainted, the roofs are tiled and project. The ports which support the superstructure are covered with the famous Japanese lacquer. The floor is raised about four feet above the ground, and is covered with matting. At the door of the main apartment there is a drum on the left and a bell on the right, the former of which is beaten and the latter tingled at the commencement of public worship. These are supposed to be necessary to call the attention of the idols to the prayers of the devotees. The shrine, in which are arrayed the ancestral tables in niches, seems to be an object of especial respect. Connected with each monastery is a graveyard, in which there is a great variety of monuments and tombstones, among which are distributed statues of Buddha of all sizes and in every conceivable attitude. Near the recent graves narrow boards are placed, on which extracts from their canonical books are written. One of them runs thus:

"What permanency is there in the glory of the world?
It goes from the sight like hoarfrost before the sun.
If men wish to enter the joys of heavenly light,
Let them smell of the fragrance of Buddha's canons!"

The nine Buddhist temples are all situated at the back of the town, and on the summits of the hills which surround them are shrines and pavilions.

The expense of these numerous religious establishments is very great, and the tax upon the people burdensome. As the voluntary system prevails to a great extent, and ecclesiastical prosperity depends upon the generosity of the pious, the priests are very naturally stimulated into a very vigorous exercise of their functions, and are indefatigable laborers in their peculiar field.

THE LIFE LIGHT;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A SAILOR:

A Tale of the Australian Waters.

BY MALCOLM J. BERRY,

Author of "The Wreckers," "The Sepoys," "The Life Raft," "The Will-o-the-Wisp," "The Renegade," "The Incendiaries," "The Snow Drift," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE SEA—JACK LEFT TO HIS FATE—THE ISLAND.

JACK'S insensible form slowly drifted along the side of the wreck towards the stern.

The seagulls seemed to grow eager for their prey.

Gunnels again laughed.

But that expression of his feelings of triumph was suddenly checked, as he thought of the jewels he had seen Mary Dalton give Jack to save, and he resolved to secure them. Drawing our hero out of the water for that purpose—just in time to save him from a shark—the unconscious sailor found an ardent defender in Mary Dalton, who had now recovered her senses.

Though very weak and excited, at the instant when Gunnels secured the jewels.

"You shall not fling him into the water," she cried, throwing her arms around him ere Gunnels seemed to realize that she was able to give any trouble, "you shall not. He's the only friend I have in the world, and when he dies I will die with him!"

The seagulls seemed to retreat, and to be watching the issue in silence.

"Two men and one woman are no society at all," said the ruffian. He must go."

He tried to drag the maiden away, but she became frantically resolute in the defence of her friend, and he soon perceived that nothing but the most brutal force could insure the fulfilment of his purpose. He was not prepared to go such lengths as that just now, and soon desisted from the struggle, remarking:

"Well, I do not care if he takes his chances on the wreck. After all why should I be so silly as to apprehend further trouble from him? He could not protect himself if I should take it into my head to do him an injury, much less can he protect you. Yes, ah! if you please, he may fight it out on the wreck."

The poor girl breathed again.

"We are now in the vicinity of the island," continued Gunnels. "I mean, girl, the island where I and Orloff have long had our headquarters, and where you are henceforth queen. Hark! I can already hear the roar of old Stonewall reef! We ought to be within sight of our domains. I'll see."

A bright light caught the eye of the ruffian as he arose. It was due south of the wreck, and not more than two miles distant.

"That's it, no doubt," he said, after a long and steady glance. "Some of the boys are doubtless roasting a pig. You see, my beautiful lady, we are getting well along towards our home."

The heart of the poor girl sunk within her. Destiny seemed to be placing her more and more in the power of that man.

"The island's a mere rock," he explained, "about a square mile in extent, inaccessible on three sides, but having a snug little bay on the north, which is this side. We shall soon be there—and the sooner by taking to the boat. Come!"

He moved towards the raft.

"Come!" he repeated. "I'll give your lover the chance of the wreck, but do not ask more. Give me no trouble on this point," he added, with a look of fierce resolve, "or I will strike him to the heart!"

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" moaned the poor girl, frantically, holding him to her heart. "Look at his pale face; think how you have made him suffer already, and do not be so cruel!"

"Girl! haven't I warned you what I'd do. Beware! Do as I tell you, or the next minute—"

He drew a knife from his pocket and retraced his steps toward her, with a murderous gleam in his eyes.

"This instant follow me, or—"

Still she hesitated.

"Then let his blood be upon your head!"

"Stay! hold! do not harm him, I will go. He is nearly dead now. Do not lay your hand upon him. Oh, Jack, Jack!" and she threw herself upon his breast. "There, there! I will go—only spare him—I will go!"

Fleebly, despairingly, she made her way to the raft, sinking down in an attitude of hopelessness and the profoundest grief.

"That's a good girl," muttered Gunnels. "You hardly give me cause to kill him."

He stepped upon the raft, pushing off. The light structure shot ahead of the wreck. The seagulls which had all along been hovering around, set up another great cry.

"I suppose it's hard," observed the miscreant, "but all persons should submit to that superior policy which requires the sacrifice of personal feelings. For instance, Jack must be left astern—to die, undoubtedly, because I don't want him around in the way. You must for ever remain absent from England, because you would there

be in the way of the claims I shall eventually bring against your late father's estate, and so on. Acting on this wise policy, I have permitted my late confederate, Captain Orloff, to perish miserably, in order to give me a clear field."

That light they had seen grew brighter and brighter every moment, and Gummels concluded the raft was drifting in towards the shore at a rapid rate. He then it nothing strange of that, however, muttering,

"There's always current here!"

The eyes of Mary Dalton remained fixed upon Jack as long as she could see him through the gathering shadows of the night, and then upon the wreck itself, until that, too, had vanished from her view.

"Lost—gone for ever!" she then moaned, sinking down again in despair. "Oh, if I could die!"

"You can die, miss, beasts can do that; but it requires sound tact and talent to live. You'll find it more to your credit to avoid dying as long as you can."

How heartless and insolent he seemed. Nothing could have aroused her more thoroughly than these few words.

"I shall take you ashore safely, no doubt," he added. "You'll find that I'm not so bad a protector, after all. Look there, if you please."

He drew a can of preserved meats from one of his pockets, and some sea-crackers from another, holding them up to her view. A flask of wine was next produced, and he invited her to eat. She remarked that she supposed all the provisions on board the sloop had been destroyed or washed overboard the first night of their peril, upbraiding him for his selfish cruelty which left his comrades to perish of hunger while he had plenty.

"So they were! I did it! I started the only accessible water-cask, and took care of the eatables. But I always make it a practice to carry a few compact articles about my person in fireproof shape, and here's a specimen! Help yourself to it—I have no wish to starve you."

For an instant Mary Dalton gazed coldly and fearfully upon that man of iniquity. Then she signified her acceptance of his offer.

"I will eat and gain strength," she declared, resolutely; "and perhaps a just providence may cause you to wish that you had nurtured a viper—*you took me under your care!*"

Gummels laughed at the returning spirit with which this declaration was made. But he grew serious again on noticing that the light he had seen was no longer visible, and that nothing could be seen of the island it had been supposed to announce.

"Can it be that there is a light moving upon the waters?" he demanded. "Such appears to be the fact."

Perhaps a little uneasiness arose in the mind of that man. At any rate, the raft drifted on for some time in silence, as if his thoughts were all absorbed in the fact he had noticed.

Mary Dalton arose from her repast much recruited. The moon had just come up out of the vast expanse of waters, glancing brightly on their rough surface, but nothing was seen of any land. Gummels grew impatient, if not a little alarmed. To interrupt the disagreeable thoughts which were beginning to crowd into his mind, he proceeded to give Mary Dalton an account of his island home, which we shall condense for the reader.

From time immemorial this island had been inhabited by cannibals, and acquired a terrible reputation among the superstitious sons of the ocean, who invariably gave it a wide berth in their cruising. But many years before the time of which we write Gummels had led a large party of runaway convicts and other similar characters to the vicinity, made war upon the cannibals, driven them to another island about a dozen miles to the west of this one, and thereafter retained possession. Here they had established themselves in safety, the reputation of these two islands tending to keep all well-disposed persons from these waters. Occasionally a whale ship or some small trader would reconnoitre the bleak and desolate island, but it was seldom that a boat's crew ventured ashore either for barter or provisions.

"Of this island," Gummels informed Mary Dalton, in conclusion, "you will have the unlimited freedom, but will do well not to attempt to escape. The savages we expelled are still living in great force on the island to the west of us, and they have the disagreeable habit of eating all of our people whom they chance to secure. They have even made several attempts to rout us out of our conquered territory, but have signally failed. One reason of their hostility is found in the fact that I have abducted several of their fair young men—esters for my men and myself, though they are such bold and resolute creatures that they are more plague than profit. I'm blest if one of 'em didn't take to the water and swim the whole distance back to the other island, and on one of the darkest nights you ever saw! But some of them are pretty with their black eyes and scanty wardrobes, and I had the good fortune to secure the prettiest one of all the day before setting out on this expedition. Pollywoggy, the daughter of old Paddy-Molasso, the chief of the cannibals, both rejoicing in the proud names furnished them by some waggish sailor. She is really charming in her way, and I'm quite impatient to see her!"

"Der she be!" said a low voice of unusual feminine sweetness, and a light figure came bounding on to the raft from a canoe which had noiselessly come alongside while Gummels was speaking.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SAVAGE ENCHANTEMENT IN DISPUTED POSSESSION.

An exclamation of gratitude left the lips of Mary Dalton, as she realized the presence of the young savage on the raft, woman with woman. She remembered reading in the works of some traveller that the women of all nations and climes, however much they may be degraded and unsexed, still retain some of that gentleness and sympathy which is the charm of the sex, and she at once conceived a hope of benefit from the new comer. At any rate it was pleasant to have a third person with her on the raft, and that one whose relations to Gummels prompted the hope that she would not give him any countenance or assistance in his iniquitous schemes.

But how soon were all these wild hopes destroyed!

For the young savage had thrown her arms around Gummels, with a manner of the most cordial delight and endearment, kissing him again and again, her features all the while covered with blushes and smiles, and her welcome so ardent and unreserved that an observer might have wondered how such strong affection could have so soon arisen between strangers in clime, language and blood. In fact, Gummels himself seemed to be not a little astonished at his warm reception, though evidently gratified, for he said:

"I was afraid, Pollywoggy, that you would meet me with tears and reproaches for having stolen you from your home. But I'm glad you're sensible and good-natured. How charming you are, too, in the moonlight, in these light robes! A perfect child of nature," he added, in a sort of apologetic way, to Mary Dalton. "She has no artificial restraints!"

The dusky beauty smiled gaily and coquettishly, looking around. Her eyes fell upon Mary Dalton, whom she scrutinized closely for an instant, and then indicated with a disdainful look and contemptuous toss of the head, as she said,

"Old woman!"

Gummels laughed. Mary Dalton turned her face away with a sigh, never more hopeless than now. She could not very well understand the broken English of the savage maiden, but gathered that she had been impatiently expecting his return, and had often amused herself with rowing around the island, in hopes to be the first to see him on his return.

"Der," said Pollywoggy, finally, "is much eat—much eat and drink," and she produced a basket from the bottom of the canoe. "Old woman no want."

"Stay!" interrupted Gummels. "We'll all go aboard of the canoe, and leave the raft to the fishes. Come, beautiful Mary!"

The change was soon made, and Pollywoggy seized the oars and commenced rowing, announcing that the island was in sight. Her companions then noticed that a dark line was visible above the horizon in the south, and soon arose some shadowy outlines against the sky, as of hills and valleys.

"Yo, there she is at last," said Gummels. "Cheer up, Miss Mary, we shall soon be there. In the meantime, as I am as dry as a fish and as hungry as a wolf, I'll see in what Pollywoggy's 'much eat' consists. Ha! roast pig! Delicious! That's herbs of the earth and fowls of the air! By the way, Pollywoggy, was that your light we saw a little while ago?"

She replied in the affirmative, intimating that she had intended it as a guide for him, in case he should be near—which he thought quite considerate and kind.

He commenced eating with the eagerness of a man who has long been upon short allowance, while Pollywoggy regarded him with a shy and satisfied look, which deepened to a somewhat sinister smile. The drink she had brought in a bottle was a native production, whose name is unknown to us, but with the qualities of which Gummels appeared to be admirably familiar, to judge from the

manner in which he patronized it again and again. After what might have been termed an inordinate repast, he bethought himself of Mary Dalton, who was almost wishing the mercy of a speedy death, and asked her if she would like a slight addition to the supper already enjoyed. Thinking of Jack, she bowed an affirmative to the question.

"Then take basket and all," he said, passing it towards her, over the head of Pollywoggy. "I ought to have remembered you before."

Pollywoggy had raised her hand to take the basket, in order to pass it to its destination, when it slipped from her grasp and fell into the water.

"Look out there!" said Gummels.

He saw that the weight of the bottle had carried the basket down.

The eyes of Pollywoggy flashed with another satisfied look, as she incoherently murmured something Mary supposed was her regrets at the occurrence.

The canoe was now off the entrance of the bay, and within half a mile of the shore, the outlines of the island becoming well defined to their view. But Gummels seemed to think it strange that everything was so silent and quiet on the shore, and expressed the thought in a remark to the young savage, who assured him that his return was not looked for just now, and that all his followers had been quite busy for a day or two—and she smiled strangely—and were undoubtedly tired and sleepy just then. Silenced, if not satisfied, he fixed his eyes upon the dark outlines at the head of the bay, and awaited the moment of arrival there.

It is a somewhat curious fact that a woman will almost instantly notice anything strange about their own sex, and the thought had already struck Mary Dalton that there was something feverish and overdone in all the affection Pollywoggy had pretended to lavish upon Gummels. But that personage, in his self-complacent vanity, had seen nothing but the usual artfulness of the sex in the conduct of the young savage, and contentedly assured himself that she had made up her mind to make the most of her inevitable condition.

How great was his mistake!

Just as Mary's suspicion grew to a wild hope, the canoe having passed through the surf in safety, reached the beach at the head of the little bay. All around was still strangely silent, not a voice or a step breaking the monotony of the waves dashing against the shore. Not a sound came from the elevated plateau, a hundred yards back from the water's edge, where the residence of Gummels and his companions were situated, nor from the rude batteries on each side of the bay.

"Strange!" muttered Gummels, as he stepped ashore. "The night so pleasant and the hour so early too! Strange! I've twenty subjects on this island, some of whom ought to be on hand to welcome me home."

A dog came down the path, barking furiously at the party—a strange dog, one Gummels did not remember to have seen. This incident overthrew the last vestige of calmness he had tried to maintain.

"The lazy, careless rescues," he declared, "if they don't watch better than the cannibals of the neighboring island will be down on them one of these days all of a sudden."

The eyes of Pollywoggy blazed with a secret intelligence, as she assisted Mary Dalton on shore, at the same time assuringly pressing her hand.

"Hark!" said Gummels, "I hear a voice. It seems they are not all dead yet."

"To die or go to sleep, says Shakespeare," came in a gruff voice from a figure who had suddenly made himself visible on the rocks above the landing.

"That's Jedy-dia," said the young savage, with brightening eyes.

"Yes, that whaling Yankee," added Gummels, and all listened.

"Demented Shakespeare," continued the voice, "not to have seen the folly of connecting such a great thing as our death with such a little thing as our sleep. Why, no fellow, unless combustion tight, could approve of such a connection of ideas as death or sleep. Would Nero have said to his prisoners, 'I give you death or sleep? No, sir—die! But if Shakespeare said 'sleep or get drunk,' he'd a hit my sentiments exactly."

"Oh, give me a gal in the valley I love,
A gal in the greenwood, a gal in the grove!"

Tarnation! It's all gal with my music to-night! But who could help it, after being seventeen days under the magic influence of such a charming, black-eyed, short-petticoated beauty as that Pollywoggy!"

"Ah!" said Gummels, smiling, as he and his companion remained motionless in the shadow cast by the cliff, and where the dark background of the sea caused them to remain unseen. "That fellow's getting resigned to his residence here. Listen!"

"If it hadn't been for that 'ere beauteous Injun," proceeded the lonely lover, "I'd a caved in before now. Where did she ever learn such good English? I guess some of them white chokers must have bin round here a-missionarying, or else she—bein' the darter of a chief—has enjoyed the 'vantages of a deestrick schule education!"

"As I was a goin' 'cross London Bridge,
I met Miss Pollywoggy,
And she was a form of light and life,
Was my sweet Pollywoggy!"

I saw it beats all creashun what a neat foot and ankle that gal's got! And such rosy, poulin' lips! Oh, dear! I wish I was a goose, and she the biggest sort of an arragandy, that she might swallow me at one mouthful! I wonder if she loves me? I guess she's on the lookout for that abominable Gummels. I guess I've made an impression. Haw! if I only had some terbacker! Guess I'll see if the old glass saved from the Betsey Baker won't show me her whereabouts."

He took a large night glass from under his arm, and commenced scanning the surface of the waters to the north of the island. Ere long he started, as if he had seen something which filled him with surprise.

"Thunder!" he muttered, "what's that?"

"Alotf there!" cried Gummels, sharply.

The Yankee started as if shot, nearly dropping his glass.

"I say, up there!"

"Jerusalem! as sure as my name is Jedediah Hornbottom, there he is again! What do you want?"

Receiving no response, he now continued in a lower tone: "Woe to the day when I left old Joe White's swamp-lot, diggin' them pink-eyed taters, and went and shipped in a olly whaler! I'm glad she's wrecked, gone clean to the bottom, he and all, though I hope that Dick Higgins and that funny Frenchman got clear of her, if no others. Lucky that I was picked up by Pollywoggy the night arter she was stolen by Gummels, and when she was a-strikin out in that little canoe for the Cannibal Islands. If she hadn't a put back for to land me in safety, she wouldn't have bin caught; and thus it is that woman, however coppery her skin, allers sacrifices herself for man. Generous Pollywoggy! But I do wish she'd kept right straight on fer the Cannibal Islands, instead of letting me fall into the power of that Gummels. True, he went off smothering the next day, but now that he's got back again, won't he baze me? Oh, no, of course not, if he knows that I've roasted his best pig, and fallen in love with his intended Mrs. Pollywoggy! That chap's got the Evil One himself in his diaphragm, or I'm corned donkey marked prime mess pork No. 1!"

"I wish I was a tabby cat,
Or juvenile small doggy,
That I might in the corner rat,
And gaze for ever into the dark brown hair
And siken eyes of my sweet Pollywoggy!"

By the way, I oughter make a collection of the poetry with which she inspires me, and—but oh, Mary Ann Tompkins, if Marbleshead, what would you say if you could now look into the busum of your faithless Jedediah? What old Smith said when he married the old maid, Betsey Cotton—*Je-ru-salem!*"

A pair of soft arms were thrown around his neck, a pair of rosy lips pressed to his own, and then his adored one said to him,

"How do you do?"

She had bounded up the path ahead of her companions, and thus testified her presence.

"Je-ru-salem! take care, Pollywoggy! Ain't old Gummels looking?"

"There, that'll do!" the voice of Gummels was heard saying, as his form was revealed at no great distance with Mary Dalton.

"Here, Pollywoggy, come and conduct this girl to the house."

The young savage demurely obeyed, after several loving glances at Jedediah—she and Mary Dalton proceeding on their way together.

"And now, you treacherous Yankee," said Gummels, with assumed wrath, as he confronted Hornbottom, "what shall I do to you for thus seducing helpless innocence? I'll tell you. I'll make you collect all the brushwood on the island before you go to bed—all together in one huge pile there on the Peak, the highest part of our domain, and set it on fire at midnight!"

"Thunder! oh, dear, you wouldn't keep a fellow out so late—"

"Silence—not a word! You are getting so bold in your liberties, and must take a warning. Go! and don't let me see you any more till it's done."

Jedediah had sense enough to see the motive of Gummels in giving this order. He knew it was not only intended to impose upon him, but that his cruel jailor designed it to prevent him from seeing any more of Pollywoggy for the night. Wrathful, jealous, hungry and thirsty, and a victim to that tremendous suikness which belongs to either man or woman when their "courting" is interfered with, he stood looking after the retreating form of Gummels till he had passed from his view in the direction taken by the girls.

"Darn his monkey pincer!" then said the Yankee—"If I don't make the biggest bonfire ever seen on this island then my name's not Jedediah Hornbottom! I'll seize every log, rail, fencepost, pigpen, out house and whole trees, and raise a blaze that'll look like Independence Day or Hall Colomby! Hooray! charge, grannys-deers! advance three paces backwards! till you see the whites of their eyes, and then bore it into 'em!"

Somewhat relieved by this indignant and warlike declaration, Jedediah stowed his spyglass away in a crevice of the shore-cliff, and set himself to work.

(To be continued.)

THE HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

This distinguished gentleman, who has been recently honored by the nomination for President by the Union Convention at Baltimore, was the son of a well-to-do farmer, near Nashville, Tennessee. He was born February 18, 1797, and graduated at Cumberland College, near the Nashville University, in 1814. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, settled at Franklin, Williamson county, Tennessee. He was elected to the State Senate in 1817, but afterwards retired from political life, devoting the next ten years to the pursuit of his profession. He was elected to Congress in 1826, and remained there, by successive elections, for fourteen years.

He was opposed to the appropriation of money by the general Government for roads and canals in the States, except in the case of some great road for military purposes, like the Pacific Railroad, and in favor of the policy of improving the great rivers and lake harbors. With all his apparent admiration for Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bell opposed the South Carolina doctrine of nullification, and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, with special reference to the questions connected with that subject which might have to be considered and reported on. For ten years he was Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs.

He was elected Speaker of the House in 1834, when the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was agitated. In the House of Representatives in 1836, Mr. Bell alone, of the Tennessee delegation, favored their reception. Subsequently, in 1838, when Atherton's resolutions were introduced, proposing to receive and lay these petitions on the table, he maintained his consistency by voting in the negative. When President Harrison, in 1841, was forming his Cabinet, Mr. Bell was invited to accept the War Department Secretaryship, to which he readily assented. With the rest of the Cabinet, Mr. Webster only excepted, he resigned office on the separation of President Tyler from the Whig party, in the autumn of that year. The Whig majority in the next Tennessee Legislature which met after his withdrawal from the Cabinet offered him the office of United States Senator, which he declined. Mr. Bell remained in retirement until called by the people of his county, in 1847, to represent them in the State Senate, in which year, on the occurrence of a vacancy, he was elected to the United States Senate, to which he was re-elected in 1860. His term of service expired in March, 1869, since which time he has been living in retirement from public life.

Mr. Bell was opposed to the policy of annexing Mexico and other Spanish-American States to the Union; also to the Nebraska Bill and the Lecompton Constitution. He was in favor of the Compromise Measures of 1850. Mr. Bell is now before the people as candidate for the Presidency in 1861.

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASS.

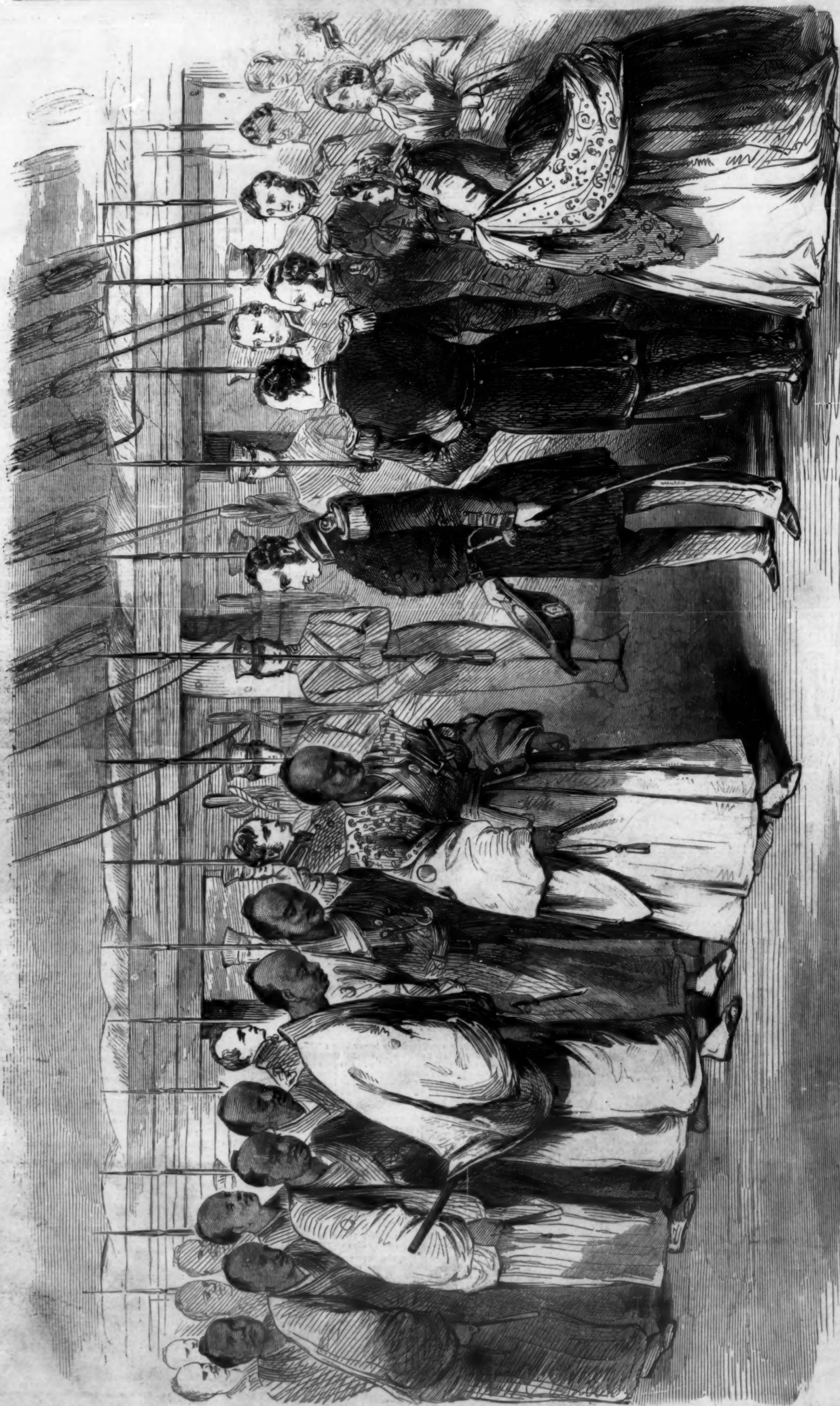
The nomination of Edward Everett for the office of Vice-President by the Union Convention at Baltimore, has again brought that distinguished man into prominent notice. He was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 7th, 1794. The history of his early years, the acquirement of his ripe scholarship, his appointment as Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College, his travels in Europe, and his studies in connection with his position, are so well known to the public as not to need repetition. Our business is more with his public life, which commenced in 1824, when he was elected to Congress. He was a staunch supporter of John Quincy Adams, then just entering upon his Presidential career. For ten years he remained in Congress, during which time he was on the Committee for Foreign Relations. In the autumn of 1834 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and received the honor of three re-elections. In the autumn of 1839 he was, however, defeated by Marcus Morton by the singularly small majority of one vote! In 1840 he sailed for Europe, having received the appointment of Minister to the Court of St. James, and seldom has an Ambassador been more esteemed by his own Government as well as that to which he was accredited than Mr. Everett. On his return to this country, in 1845, he was made President of Harvard University, and on the death of Daniel Webster was made, by President Fillmore, Secretary of State. Before the expiration of his Secretaryship, he was elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts as Senator for that State, and fulfilled the duties of that distinguished position with eminent ability and dignity.

His patriotic efforts to contribute to the Mount Vernon Fund are too fresh in the public mind to need any comment beyond the expression of our esteem for his noble and disinterested labors. Among these efforts must be classed his twelve months' labor as a weekly contributor to Bonner's *Ledger*, which added ten thousand dollars to the fund, a fact alike honorable to Mr. Bonner and the distinguished writer of the "Vernon Papers." If public respect is any recommendation to his election for the elevated position he has been nominated for, Mr. Everett certainly stands a fair chance of success.

SIR EDWARD BELVER LYTON had made a great speech in the House. He had not spoken for some time, and the interest he created was very great. Mr. Gladstone is catching it from some of the press for his saying that the duties of the officials of the British Museum were so agreeable and intellectual, that they ought to be light. He has also caught a Tartar in Mr. Hailbury in the House, whose lecture to him was re-echoed by the London Times.

BARON VON BRUCK, who lately destroyed himself in Vienna, has been the Finance Minister of Austria for several years. It is supposed that the rash act was occasioned by his implication in the frauds lately detected in the Austrian Government. He was one of the Emperor's most confidential advisers.

There is about to visit the field of Waterloo, preparatory to writing his history of the Hundred Days. Austria is urging upon Prussia the formation of a Treaty to mutually guarantee their respective territories. This would, of course, implicate Prussia in any war waged by Austria for the maintenance of her Venetian Territories. England opposes such an idea.



RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS ON THE DECK OF THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE ROANOKE, AT ASPINWALL, APRIL 25TH, BY FLAG OFFICER W. J. MCCLUNEY AND CAPT. GARDNER, ATTENDED BY THE MARINES UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. FONTAINE, WITH A FULL MUSTER OF THE ROANOKE'S CREW.—SEE P. 404.



OUR GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN LADIES—No. 2—MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST, WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 408.

UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. FONTAINE, WITH A FULL MUSTER OF THE ROANOKE'S CREW.—SEE P. 404.

OUR GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN LADIES.

MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

We present this day the second portrait in Our Gallery of Distinguished American ladies. Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, *née* Cutts, by her beauty, talents and social position, has been for several years one of those whose movements have been noted in the higher political circles, in view of the possibility of her one day presiding over the social and political hospitalities of the White House. In Washington her home has been the centre of attraction for all the beauty, wit, fashion and talent of this and other countries. Her influence is felt far and near, and all who have been admitted to her charmed circle freely acknowledge the fascinations of her graceful, dignified and kindly courtesies. She was married to Judge Douglas in 1857, and sympathizing cordially with the noble ambition of her husband, has entered, heart and soul—so far as a refined and sensitive woman may—into that interest which may result in elevating him to the highest position in the gift of her country.

THE OLD FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, Where the Union Convention was Held.

This well-known church was recently purchased by the Government and converted into a Court House. Being a very convenient structure it was fitted up for the accommodation of the delegates comprising the late Convention, which resulted in the nomination of John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. It was very tastefully fitted up—a full length portrait of Washington being placed behind the President's chair. In this church Martin Van Buren received his nomination.

Correspondence of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

KANE'S HOTEL, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, May 2, 1890.

The safe arrival here of Norman Ward and his long-expected and truly beautiful and ingenious steam ice car, Lady Franklin, has thrown the entire population of this flourishing city into as complete a state of flutter and excitement and rejoicing as was ever witnessed among the denizens of a prairie dog town. Mr. Ward is accompanied by several friends from the East, who have taken an interest in forwarding his enterprise. The Lady Franklin was brought into town on a large platform car, drawn by a powerful locomotive, decorated with flags, and presented a spirited picture. Her engines were in motion, her bell was rung, and her steam whistles sent forth their discordant serenade. The whole town seemed to have turned out to witness the novel visitor. The beautiful photographic portraits of Willis, Grosley, Dr. Francis, Frank Leslie and other eminent men, by Morand, of New York, which ornamented the interior of the ice boat, excited much attention and curiosity.

The beautiful craft was placed upon a platform car at Jersey City, furnished by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, whence it was taken with Mr. Ward and his party over the New Jersey Railroad to Elizabeth; thence over the Central New Jersey Railroad to Easton, the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Allentown, the Eastern Pennsylvania Railroad to Reading, the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad to Pittsburg, the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad to Chicago, the Chicago and North-Western Railroad to Janesville, and the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad to Prairie du Chien—a continuous line of iron tracks. A change of cars was made at Pittsburg and at Chicago, as the roads connecting at these places have a difference in gauge of one and a half inches; otherwise the Lady Franklin would have passed from the Hudson to the Mississippi without breaking bulk, by this new route, which has been opened but about eight months, and is nearly a hundred miles shorter than the route by Philadelphia, to say nothing of the delay in crossing the river at this point. This undoubtedly for the colder portions of the year is the greatest American railroad thoroughfare west from New York, while the magnificent river and mountain scenery is equal to anything of the kind in the world. The last links in this new chain, the Eastern Pennsylvania and Lehigh Valley Railroads, pass through the heart of the great agricultural region of the Keystone State. The railroad kings and their subordinates manifested the liveliest interest in the new enterprise, and thousands of men, women and children thronged along the line of the road at the stations to which notice had been sent of the coming of the car. Passes granting the freedom of the road to the Mississippi and back for the car and fifteen persons were tendered by Messrs. J. O. Kearns, Superintendent of the Central New Jersey; R. H. Sayers, of the Lehigh Valley; L. C. Voorhies, of the Eastern Pennsylvania; G. H. Nichols, of the Lehigh Valley; J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central; G. W. Cass, President of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago; Wm. B. Ogden, President, and George L. Dunlap, Superintendent of the Chicago and North-Western, and William Jarvis, Superintendent of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroads. All of these gentlemen called on Mr. Ward and made a personal examination of the ice car, and of the plans for the development of the enterprise. Special attentions were given to the party by Conductor H. A. King, of the Eastern Pennsylvania Railroad, who gave your correspondent much interesting information in relation to the new route and the country through which it passes. We found that Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper had given the details of Mr. Ward's enterprise to thousands who would otherwise have remained in ignorance of the inception and progress of this novel invention. The Illustrated Newspaper, beyond a doubt, is the readiest and most effective means of enlightenment for the masses. The eye takes in at a glance the pictured form, and a long story is told on the instant. We had repeated evidence of the wide circulation and immense popularity of Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper along the entire line, nearly five hundred miles in extent, between the Hudson and the Mississippi.

On Monday we stopped for a night at De Borbon's Mansion House, one of the best kept and most home-like hotels on the route, and visited the next morning the Eureka County Prison, which is quoted as a model of the Prison System of Pennsylvania. Nothing can be more magnificent than the ride from this point across the mountains that form the eastern wall of the United States. The central resting point for travellers along the route is the beautiful village of Altoona, on the eastern side of the Alleghany range, which is unquestionably, as a mountain resort, the most perfect of its kind in the whole country. At Altoona the heavy grade commences, by which the cars of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad pass directly over the Alleghany, propelled by two locomotives of seven hundred horse power, on their way to Pittsburg, the Iron City. Important as is Pittsburg in a commercial point of view, its dingy exterior and smoky atmosphere do not tempt one to linger long within its limits, and we were not sorry to exchange its fumes for the broad streets and pure air of Chicago the magnificent.

All Chicago was on the qui vive in view of the coming Presidential Convention, to meet the needs of which, a "wigwag" was in process of erection, designed to accommodate ten thousand persons. The most hospitable spirit was evinced by the citizens in respect to the entertainment of the delegates, and the hotel-keepers themselves seemed inclined to use no special efforts to reap a golden harvest from the guests whom the occasion was about to bring to their doors. Chicago is indeed a city of large ideas, and though the present monetary depression has prostrated business effort for a time, maintains an active interest in all efficient undertakings. Especial interest is manifested in educational institutions; two Universities—the Lind and the Chicago—are in full operation, and the public schools, under the charge of W. B. Wells, the energetic City Superintendent, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information, are second to none in the Eastern States. A Free Dispensary for indigent women and children has recently been opened in the city by Drs. C. Annette Buckel and Maine W. Jones, formerly students of Drs. Blackwell and Zakewski at the New York Infirmary, which is attracting public interest and sympathy, no provision of the kind having been made by the city, and this being the only institution of this sort in operation.

A new enterprise in the newspaperdom of the West is the establishment of a penny paper, the Chicago Daily Journal, by B. W. Spears, formerly editor and proprietor of the Chicago Press and Tribune. As all single papers are now sold at five cents each, and only from newspaper stands, this paper—which will be sold by newsboys—will probably effect a change in the newspaper system of the city, similar to that brought about by the introduction of the penny press in New York, and will also have the effect of reducing prices generally, by bringing cents—which are now almost unknown—into use, and making them figure in the price lists of merchandise.

The great complaint of the West at present is the lack of funds. Railroads have been built, magnificent buildings erected, and stupendous public works projected and well nigh completed, yet everything is now at a standstill for want of money. The resources of the city and of the entire North-west have been immensely developed, and in the present stringent state of the money market, a little money will purchase a large amount of wrought material and convert it into productive capital. The millions that are lying idle in the East would, if invested judiciously at this juncture in Chicago property, yield a sure return of a hundred per cent. on the investment.

Prairie du Chien is a flourishing town of four thousand inhabitants, situated between two bluffs, about a mile back from the Mississippi river. Here the Lady Franklin is housed for the season in a suitable building tendered for the purpose by the citizens, and loaded by the steamboat landing and railroad depot, in a place convenient for launching as soon as the ice forms in the river, where she will be kept on exhibition until the next ice season, under the charge of her engineer, Captain Charles A. Stoddard. Mr. Ward has received invitations to visit all the towns on the Mississippi river, from St. Louis to the Falls

of St. Anthony, with his working model, with a view to making full explanations to the business men of the North-west. He will exhibit his model in Chicago during the National Convention, after which he will return to this city and build a steam snow-sledge for snow and ice roads, to be taken, after a trial in Canada, to St. Petersburg. During the summer he will also perfect all his patents and personally superintend the complete developments of his enterprise.

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD. A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH, Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AFTER eight days of suspense and terror, such as have rarely been endured, the attack of the measles—rather a ridiculous disease for a hero to be prostrated by—yielded to such remedies as his mother's medicine chest afforded, and Louis Napoleon considered himself sufficiently strong to attempt his escape from Ancona.

We know not, at this period of his life, if there was really much of the hero in his composition; but if so, he must have found his imprisonment, which had lasted ten days, in a dark closet not a little irksome, to say nothing of being unpleasantly reminded of the precariousness of his position by the voices which daily conspired some of the companions of his unfortunate enterprise to an untimely grave.

The amnesty promised by Austria, with her usual treachery, proved a snare. That many pleaded it and escaped cannot be denied—they were men of little note; but it is equally certain that such leaders of the insurrection as fell into the hands of her commanders were infamously shot. It was the shortest way of dealing with them, and neither England nor France remotivated.

Perhaps they never knew the full extent to which the amnesty was violated. Many were executed by name; and amongst others, as before stated, the sons of Hortense and Alfred Belgioio. The latter, as a native of Milan, and consequently an Austrian subject, could expect no mercy in the event of his being taken prisoner.

The countenance of the invalid still bore traces of the malady from which he had suffered—the features being enlarged and swollen. This might have proved an advantage, by rendering him less likely to be recognized, but for the peculiar redness that remained; to conceal which his mother and Mademoiselle Cochelet painted his face, and, as a further precaution, powdered his hair.

The preparations for escape had proceeded thus far, when one of the old domestics—a person on whom the ex-Queen could rely—introduced Major Henderson and Alfred into the palace. Hortense was not prepared to see the Englishman accompanied by any one, and a terrible suspicion glanced across her mind. Had he betrayed her?

"Throw off your cloak," whispered the major.

The young Italian obeyed, and appeared dressed in the livery of the dukes. Louis recognized him, despite his disguise, and held out his hand—a circumstance that somewhat reassured his mother.

"I had no opportunity of informing you of my design," added her benefactor, after explaining his plans; "nor have you time for expressing gratitude. I can both feel and comprehend all you would say. Prince," he continued, at the same time producing a familiar suit of livery from beneath his cloak, "haste and attire yourself."

With the assistance of the friend who was to be the companion of his perilous escape, the change was soon effected, and the fugitives returned to the saloon to all appearance two liveried, well-powdered domestics.

Of the two, Louis Napoleon most resembled a footman.

"At what hour do you depart?" inquired the major.

"At four," answered the duchess, who was already dressed for travelling. Mademoiselle Cochelet looked at her watch. It was past three already.

The carriage which had been ordered for that early hour were heard entering the courtyard of the palace.

"Farewell, madame," said her visitor; "my further presence would be useless—possibly an embarrassment. I shall remain in the street to witness the result. I need not advise calmness and self-possession," he added—"you have given wondrous proofs of both."

Hortense, not daring to trust her voice, grasped the hand of the speaker, and, before he was aware of her intention, covered it with kisses.

"But I am," murmured the major, deeply moved by this mute expression of her gratitude, "I have only done my duty as a soldier and a gentleman."

"That my son may live one day to repay you!" murmured Hortense.

This was the only wish the Englishman could not fully grant him, for it implied a success which might one day prove dangerous to his country.

In moments of danger, even when a child, Louis Napoleon appears to have been gifted with peculiar self-possession. During the occupation of Paris by the allies, he remained for several days concealed at the house of his nurse, without once betraying his name or rank, but passing for the son of a neighbor.

The same quality was manifested on the present occasion; instead of waiting till the last moment, he assisted in carrying the luggage from the saloon to the carriage, showed considerable skill in packing it, looked to the horses, and absolutely greased the wheels.

This last occupation was cleverly done, it enabled him to conceal his features by maintaining a stooping position.

The ex-queen at last descended, with what feelings our readers can well imagine. Her son might be recognized, or her journey interrupted by the caprice of the Austrian general.

At last, however, he was free, and did not think it worth his while to interfere with the movements of a helpless woman, who, however clever, had long ceased to be a political personage. The soldiers who thronged the courtyard looked idly on, offered no opposition to her departure, and the vehicle passed through the gates with the present Emperor of the French disguised as a footman behind it.

Alfred Belgioio occupied a similar position on the carriage, which contained the attendants of Hortense, whose joy expanded in a flood of tears as she passed over the drawbridge of Ancona.

Although we have not the slightest intention of entering into the details of this remarkable escape of the present ruler of France, for the satisfaction of our readers we feel compelled to mention one or two additional incidents connected with it.

It certainly was recognized by an Italian prisoner, who, in all probability, might have procured his own freedom by denouncing him to the Austrians, but nobly preferred captivity to treachery. At Tolentino he was also known, and escaped through the pity of the officer in command, a Florentine, who replied to the informant that, as the passport of the Duchess St. Len was perfectly correct, he had nothing to do with her attendants.

But the greatest trials awaited the fugitives at Camoscia, where Hortense waited, in the middle of the night, several hours for horses, and was compelled at last to proceed with the same she arrived with. It was on this occasion that her son, weakened by illness, broken with fatigue, threw himself upon a heap of stones in her sight and slept soundly.

The mother, who watched him, did not dare even to speak to him.

So much devotion received its fitting recompense—one would almost have doubted the justice of Providence had it failed. The fugitives, after passing through a variety of dangers and adventures, arrived at last at Cannes, in France, the same port where the first Napoleon landed on his return from Elba.

The coincidence was a singular one.

The earl perceived this feeling, and endeavored, by the most tender attentions, to dispel it—to tear from the memory of his bride the only page that blotted her existence. His efforts produced no lasting effect. She would smile for an instant as she listened to his words, and then the cloud shadowed her brow again.

"You are wrong, Milly," he exclaimed. "This sensitiveness is a reproach to your better reason. The sternest moralist could not condemn the victim of another's crime. I had hoped that change of scene would efface these painful impressions."

"They were inspired by the past," answered our heroine, with a sigh, "and like the past, are uneffaceable; and yet I am not always wretched. It is only at times, when alone, deprived of the support of your dear presence, that a vague sensation of terror and despondency creeps over me. I ask myself if my happiness is not a dream—doubt that it can last."

"Happiness a dream!" repeated her husband. "Look on the face of nature. Do not all things that live in earth and air—even the flowers—speak of enjoyment. The very elements breathe a voice gushing rich music—the song of the Creator's bounty. Can you believe that the beings richest in creation's gifts were made for sorrow and for sorrow only?"

This conversation occurred on a lovely evening, as the speakers were driving along the bay of Naples, whose waters, bathed in the light of a glorious sunset, lay like molten gold, sparkling in their bed.

The servants were Italians, for his lordship, out of consideration to his bride, had brought no English domestics with them—a circumstance that enabled them both to speak without reserve in their presence.

"What a lovely infant!" exclaimed Milly, her attention attracted to the child of Sir Aubrey, playing with his nurse upon the sands.

Tears filled her eyes as she spoke, for the heart of the young mother felt and with thoughts of her first-born, who had perished in the flames—his ashes scattered to the winds.

"Do not be angry with my weakness, Arthur," she continued, at the same time leaning out of the carriage to observe the infant closer; "but I cannot help thinking my poor boy would have been as beautiful had he lived. But he perished—miserably perished. I had not even the satisfaction of weeping upon his grave."

Her emotions, as she continued to gaze upon the child, grew so strong that the earl became alarmed, and gently chiding her for her weakness, he drew her back to her seat.

The rest of the ride was passed in silence; not that her husband felt angry at her weakness—he loved her too well for that.

The servant who accompanied the nurse was no other than the infamous Hanway, the confidential valet of Sir Aubrey, the agent of his crimes. Great, as our readers may suppose, was the fellow's astonishment on recognizing Milly, who, fortunately, was too much agitated by her feelings to notice him.

His first care on his return home was to acquaint his worthless master with the discovery he had made. Sir Aubrey listened to him with incredulity.

"Pshaw!" he said, "some fancied resemblance has deceived you. Dalville is lately married, by all accounts, to a most beautiful woman—rather too early for him to indulge in the luxury of a mistress. Besides, he is what the world calls 'oral'—if you can so far strain your imagination as to guess what that means."

"Have you seen the countess?" asked the ebullient valet, not caring to contradict his master; but still riveted to his own opinion.

"You know we have but lately arrived in Naples, and the ambassador receives few visitors."

"It is not that singular, Sir Aubrey?" asked Harvey.

"Well, yes, it is rather."

"Perhaps his marriage with Milly might account for it."

The libertine started. Wild and improbable as the suggestion appeared, a pang of jealousy rent his breast at the supposition. He could endure the thought of Milly dead—reduced to the obscurity from which he had drawn her, but not in the arms of another, and that other a husband, as far above him in rank and wealth as in nobleness of heart and character.

"I must see her!" he suddenly exclaimed. Then, as if ashamed of the impetuosity and credulity he had displayed, he added, "if only to convince you of the absurdity of your suspicions."

"Nothing can be more easy," replied his informant. "There is a grand reception at court to-night."

"What has that to do with it?"

The ambassador and his lady must be there; it is one of those occasions on which they cannot well avoid being present. You can disguise yourself sufficiently to escape observation, and mingle in the crowd to see the company alight."

The baronet who, during this suggestion, had continued to dress for dinner, nodded approvingly.

"If in error," added the valet, "it will be no great sacrifice. There are lovely faces to be found amongst the women of Naples."

"You have discovered so much, Hanway, already," observed his master. "Faith, the idea is not a bad one. I think I shall adopt it."

"You will not regret it, Sir Aubrey?"

"I never regret anything," replied the libertine—"not even the past."

With which observation he concluded dressing.

CHAPTER XLVII.

There is one peculiarity about a Neapolitan mob—they are easily excited, and as easily calmed; a trifle drives them to violence and crime, a trifle calms them. In fact, the whole existence of the lower classes may be said to be made up of trifles. Amuse them with spectacle—make them laugh—give them some object on which to vent their caracases—for, like the Irish, they are naturally a witty race—and the government, as far as the people are concerned, may shut its eyes and sleep in security.

So great was the crowd that it was not without some difficulty Sir Aubrey Fairclough and Hanway succeeded in obtaining a good position close to the palace gates. It was the principal entrance, reserved for members of the royal family, ambassadors, ministers and great officers of state. Had he felt less anxious and excited, the baronet would have been amused by the sallies of those near him; their remarks upon the various visitors and functionaries as they alighted from their blazoned vehicles—some were pelted with compliments, others spattered by a shower of words impossible to translate—*c—they* would lose their meaning in English; but, unfortunately, not their coarseness.

A carriage, unmistakably English both in build and appointments, at last drove up, and the Earl of Dalville alighted.

"Alone?" confound him!" muttered Sir Aubrey between his teeth.

"Patience!" said the valet, at the same time pointing to the windows of the carriage, which were closed; "she is with him."

The surmise proved correct; for the next instant Milly, looking more lovely than ever, her dark hair sparkling with diamonds, which received rather than lent a charm by the contrast, descended, and, taking the arm of her husband, entered the palace, amidst the openly expressed admiration of the spectators.

"Bella! bella!" exclaimed the men.

Even the women admitted that she was beautiful.

The pang that shot through the heart of her betrayer was not of remorse, but jealousy. Had his victim stooped his punishment, she could not have him upon a more effectual one than her marriage with another. Like most selfish natures (and the baronet was intensely selfish), he could endure the thought of Milly pining in want and obscurity, weeping his absence and regretting the past; that was as it should be; but Milly, happy, radiant in beauty, elevated as far above him in rank as she had been in mind, tortured him. He felt as if he had been cruelly, heartlessly used.

What right had she to be happy and he miserable?

How many libertines, under similar circumstances, have asked themselves the same question? Careless natures rarely perceive the value of a jewel till they have cast it from them, nor coarse ones scent the exquisite perfume of the flower till they have crushed it.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Hanway.

There was something fiend-like in the glance with which his master answered him.

"I am convinced," he said, "let us get clear from these garlic-breathing wretches. I have seen enough."

The eye of hate is said to be quite as swift as that of love, his memory equally tenacious—at least they proved so with the baronet, who, in making his way through the crowd, jostled against his stepson, Phil, whom curiosity had attracted to the same spot.

Although several years had elapsed since they met, he recognized his stepson in an instant. Unfortunately, his stepson did not recognize him—his disguise was too complete.

The feelings of jealousy did not render Sir Aubrey blind to those of interest—he passed, drew back, and made a sign to his companion to remain silent.

"Do you perceive that young man?" he whispered, pointing to Phil, who, perfectly unconscious of his danger, stood quietly enjoying the sarcasms and witticisms of those near him.

Hanway nodded in the affirmative.

"Do you recognize him?"

"No."

"It is my wife's son, Philip Stoddard," continued his master, speaking in the same undertone. "Do not lose sight of him; follow him wherever he goes, dog him to his hotel, and ascertain, if possible, whether he is in Naples alone."

"I understand," murmured the willing agent.

"Be careful," added Sir Aubrey, by way of caution. "Remember that, although he is changed, you are not. His words recollect you."

Having given his instructions, the speaker alighted away. The feeling of curiosity which had brought him changed to burning jealousy, whose fangs gnawed like a serpent's tooth within his breast.

Milly another's happy without him—there was the sting.

Interest—that intense love of self, the source of all his crimes—did not, however, permit the recollection of his victim to engross all his thoughts. Phil—the barrier between himself and his wife's fortune—was in Naples, and probably alone. Such an opportunity of realising the schemes the friendship of Oliver and the determination of his guardian had defeated, might not occur again, and, till they were achieved, he determined to forget even Milly.

This resolution—like the resolves of most passionate men—proved a vain one. Several times, whilst planning the destruction of his stepson, the suppressed frenzy broke forth in violent exclamations.

"I will smother her," he muttered—"her and her lordly husband. How the world will shame when it shall learn that the Countess of Dalville—the wife of the proudest man in Europe—is no other than a poor gipsy girl, the cast-off mistress of Sir Aubrey Fairclough!"

The recollection that if the earl was one of the proudest he was also one of the most resolute men in Europe came, like the chill in an interminable fever,

to calm the ebullition of his rage; and prudence suggested whether it might not be safer to work out his revenge by other means?

The cruel are invariably cowards. He was in this uncertain state of mind, wavering between hate and fear, when his valet returned to the hotel.

"Have you discovered his abode?" he hastily demanded, dismissing for the instant all other considerations.

"At the Cornaro."

"Alone?"

"Alone," repeated Hanway; "and, what is more singular, under the assumed name of Trevor."

The eyes of his master flashed with satisfaction at the intelligence. The victim had placed himself in his power, or rather that of the police—an enemy, if possible, more vindictive.

By the laws of Naples, any one travelling under a false name is liable to imprisonment; his persecutor had only to denounce him, the authorities would see to the rest.

"I have limed the foolish bird at last!" he muttered, in a tone of triumph.

"He escaped me once; but the second time—few escape me a second time! Are you certain, quite certain," he added, turning suddenly to the valet, "that you have not been misled?"

The fellow smiled, as if in contempt of a supposition so insulting to his intelligence and tact.

"Judge for yourself, Sir Aubrey," he replied. "I followed the young gentleman till I dogged him safely to the Cornaro. I entered after him, and questioned the *bede*. A few carlini made the fellow loquacious; he informed me that your stop here had been five days in Naples, that he arrived with scarcely any luggage, but well furnished with money, which he spent freely; and added that the police had sent twice to make inquiries respecting him."

"Good, good!"

"That his passport had been strictly examined, and found *en règle*."

"A consular one?"

"No; a Secretary of State's."

Sir Aubrey Fairclough looked rather blank at this reply; he knew that the Neapolitan, in common with most continental governments, paid great respect to the bearer of a passport from the Foreign Office.

Since the Orsini affair, Englishmen can travel with no other.

But he also recollected that Signor Falconet, the Minister of Police—an intriguing, ambitious, mercenary man—was exceedingly anxious to render himself popular at court by a more than zealous discharge of his duties; and the fact somewhat reassured him.

"The time will prove strong enough, after all," he thought.

"Not a word—a hint of this to my wife," he added.

"Her ladyship is not very liberal," observed the valet, with a peculiar smile.

His master took the hint, and pointed to his purse, which was lying upon the table.

"Count the contents," he said.

"Nineteen ducats, Sir Aubrey."

"I remain your debtor for six, then. Are you satisfied?"

His agent bowed profoundly. "He made an excellent night's work."

"If your mistress—bowl. Inquire for me," continued the gentleman in a careless tone, "say that I am gone to the club."

"Certainly, Sir Aubrey."

"And shall be back by twelve," continued the baronet, who, during the latter part of the conversation, had been enveloping himself in a large capote, or cloak, which he threw over his left shoulder in the Neapolitan style, so as to conceal the lower part of the face. Satisfied that none of his acquaintances would recognise him should he encounter them, he quitted the hotel and directed his steps towards the well-known residence of the Minister of Police.

A less determined man might have been baffled in the attempt to penetrate to the presence of that much dreaded personage. The Englishman knew the character not only of the functionary he had to deal with, but his subordinates, and acted accordingly.

"*Basta! basta!*" (Enough) he exclaimed, interrupting one of the underlings in the string of questions he was putting to him; "say that an English gentleman wishes to see him."

"But the name, the—"

"An English gentleman," repeated the visitor, interrupting him again in the same unceremonious manner. "I give you five minutes," he added, at the same time drawing a magnificent gold repeater from his pocket and regarding the dial, "to bring me his reply."

Most persons who solicited an audience of the minister had to bribe their way to his presence. Sir Aubrey Fairclough browbeat him. Before the five minutes had expired he was ushered into the cabinet of the great man, whom he found in full uniform, and looking very like a tailor, despite his ribbon and half-a-dozen decorations. His excellency was in no very amiable humor; he had just returned from the reception at the palace, where the king had sarcastically asked him how many agents of the Carbonari and fugitives from the Legation he had succeeded in arresting?

Signor Falconet had not detected even one.

Although unable to name his visitor, the head of the police recognized him as an Englishman of rank and fortune, whom he had met in the first society of Naples; satisfied that no common motive could have brought him to his office at so late an hour, he received him graciously, and at once dismissed the secretary, who lingered in the room in the expectation of hearing something that he, too, might make an interest in.

Intrusted with extraordinary powers, but exceedingly underpaid, the employees of the police, from the highest to the lowest, throughout Italy, are the most corrupt rascals that ever accepted a bribe or fleeced a people. Their perquisites are considered part of their appointments, and the system all but officially recognized.

"To what happy chance," inquired his excellency, in his blandest tone, after requesting the baronet to be seated, "am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"The desire to serve you."

The minister smiled.

"And myself," added Sir Aubrey, who quickly perceived that disinterestedness was the very last plea likely to gain credence with Signor Falconet.

The smile disappeared—the minister could understand him.

"I come to denounce a young Englishman, who, from his antecedents, I know, to be a likely associate of the unprincipled party whose late proceedings so justly excited the alarm and indignation of all true friends of the government."

"But have you proof?" demanded the Italian, eagerly.

"Presumptive ones."

"None him and produce them."

"Softly, softly, signor minister," replied Sir Aubrey. "Men of my rank and fortune—he made a marked emphasis upon the latter word—"do not usually play the informer. There is a prejudice—an ignorant one, you will say—amongst Englishmen which condemns such an act."

"Possible," muttered his hearer, in a tone which, taken in conjunction with the shrug of the shoulders, expressed his surprise. He could not comprehend it.

"You must give me some pledge that my name shall not be compromised in the transaction."

"My honor?"

"Satisfactory, no doubt," answered the baronet, "in ordinary cases; but not in this—this peculiar case."

"Will the Signor Inglesi make a pledge?"

"His excellency must do that."

With all his cunning, the head of the Neapolitan police felt mystified. As yet, he had discovered no clue to the motive of his visitor; once possessed of that, the rest, in all probability, would prove easy enough.

"I could better judge the nature of the one you require if fully informed—"

"Right," interrupted the prosecutor of Phil. "The remark is just. You have shown a quickness of apprehension which proves that we shall understand each other. The gentleman in question is personally offensive to me. I hate him. And, from circumstances unnecessary to explain, I cannot ostensibly take any part against him."

"I think I begin to comprehend you," observed the functionary.

"I felt sure you would," observed his visitor; "a person of your excellency's intelligence and experience in the world could scarcely fail to do so."

"You wish to give your countryman a lesson?"

"A lasting one."

"Perhaps, without naming the gentleman who has incurred your displeasure, you will not object to inform me of the nature of the proofs against him. Your ambassador, Lord Dalville, is a most impracticable man—meddles in everything where Englishmen are concerned."

"Nothing more easy," replied Sir Aubrey Fairclough. "The person in question has been residing in Naples for some time under an assumed name."

"And a false passport?" eagerly demanded Signor Falconet.

"And a false passport," repeated his visitor.

"Cognetto!" exclaimed the minister; "the affair will not require much management. It is an offence against the laws of the kingdom."

"And punishable?"

"Certainly."

"By fine, I presume," said the baronet, in a careless tone. "That would not answer my purpose; he has friends who would doubtless pay it for him."

"By fine and imprisonment," added the Italian, emphatically.

"Is the *Bel Respiro*?"

"*Bel Respiro* was the name given in derision to the most loathsome prison in Naples—a low, damp edifice, close to the water, in whose cells malaria, fever and foul contagion raged. None but the vilest of offenders were ever sent there, or the noblest patriots, whom the infamous Ferdinand dared not murder judicially. Even the minister, though little troubled with scruples of conscience, or, in fact, with scruples of any kind, was startled by the indirect proposal of sending an Englishman to such a place."

"The lesson would, in all probability, prove a lasting one," he observed.

Sir Aubrey remained silent.

"The ambassador might remonstrate," added the speaker.

"If he heard of it," replied his visitor.

"If, if the offence were fully established, and I saw my way clearly—"

"The offence shall be fully established," said the baronet, who perfectly comprehended the hesitation of his excellency; "I can produce five hundred proofs, and each one worth a ducent."

In Naples they would prove anything.

The minister ultimately came to the same opinion. The bribe was a magnificent one, and then, so delicately tendered, it would have been an act of ingratitude on his part not to have accepted it.

The result, as a matter of course, our readers are prepared for—poor Phil was denounced by his persecutor, and orders given at once for his arrest.

"You will find your prisoner," said Signor Falconet, after giving the necessary instructions to his subordinates, "at the residence of Cardinal Borja, he visits there every evening. Watch for his departure, and see that he is taken without scandal—as quietly as possible."

"You seem well acquainted with his movements," observed Sir Aubrey, as soon as the officers had withdrawn.

"I have had an eye upon the gentleman for some time," replied the Italian.

"His intimacy with the sister and niece of the cardinal—"

"Their names?"

"The Countess Belgioso and her daughter."

"The lady whose son was excepted by name from the amnesty with those of the young Bonapartes?" eagerly demanded the baronet.

"The same."

"What can be clearer? He, too, is an agent of the Carbonari!" exclaimed his visitor. "Signor Minister, a simple Englishman like myself is no match for so much finesse. Our position is reversed—instead of your serving me, it is I who am serving you."

"Have you ever been in the East?" inquired his excellency, with a slight smile.

"Never."

"I have. The Orientals have a proverb I very much approve, 'It is foolishness to buy shoes for a dead horse.'"

"And the application?"

"Our compact is a dead horse," observed the minister, drily, "and to attempt changing the conditions would be like buying shoes for him."

"Signor Minister," thought his visitor, "I have heard the same proverb in the tents of the Romany."

"One word before you depart," added the speaker. "In the event of Mr. Trevor denying that he is in Naples under an assumed name and with a false passport, how am I to prove it?"

"Send for an Englishman named Hanway, to the following address," replied Sir Aubrey Fairclough, giving him the card of his hotel. "He has known him from his childhood."

"Satisfactory, quite satisfactory," said the Italian. "Before morning the gentleman will be safe in the *Bel Respiro*. *Addio!*"

Folding his cloak once more around him, the persecutor of poor Phil—who little suspected the danger which menaced him—quitted the cabinet of the chief of the police. As he passed through the outward offices the employees bowed respectfully—their insolence had changed into extreme servility; he had been favored with an hour's audience, and must be either a very great criminal or a very great personage.

The secretary whom he had consulted doubted which, and determined to satisfy himself.

It is extraordinary how frequently your clever schemer, without recognizing it, is treated to a *de cado* of his own competition without recognizing it. It was so in the present instance. The steps of the baronet were dogged in turn, and, long before the prisoner arrived, the subordinate was in possession of his name and residence.

(To be continued.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this Column, will be thankfully received and published.

To Correspondents.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this Column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COLEMAN, San Francisco, Cal.—Your partner had the right, in the case mentioned, to call your attention to the error you were about to commit.

PIN POOL, Boston.—The rules for the game of pin pool are almost as various as the localities in which it is played. As played in New York, it differs widely from the manner in which it is played in San Francisco. The rules of the game as played in both those cities are to be found in Phelan's *Game of Billiards*, pp. 222-4.

W. S. P., Boston.—Shot received.

B. F. H., Rockford, Ill.—G. W. H., Buffalo, N. Y.; F. W. M., Sheboygan, Wis.; W. D. J., Boston, Mass.; S. M. T., Watkins, Chautauque county, N. Y., have each sent us a thirteen shot, notwithstanding our repeated announcements that we would publish no more of them. We must decline them all. What we want is legitimate shots made during play, not shots in which the balls are set up for the camera.

R. P., Jamestown, Va.—Of course. Any person in the slightest degree familiar with billiards could have given you the information, which would have saved you a three cent stamp.

R. Pekin, Ill.—The decision must be referred to the succeeding game, and whoever counts highest in that shall be declared the victor in the former one. Should they again be tied on the second game, it may be referred to a third.

SENDER AFTER NOVELTY, Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Russian game, pocketing the opponent's ball in any pocket counts 2; the red, 3; the blue, 4; but the yellow ball, when holed in either of the side pockets, counts 6 for the player; when holed in any of the corner pockets, the player forfeits 6. Carom points will not count to win the game. The winning stroke must be a hazard.

Tom, Atlanta, Ga.—Shot received.—Will be attended to.

LEXINGTON, Philadelphia.—Your idea looks well in theory, but it cannot be reduced to practice. You cannot be a billiard-player, or you would see the impossibility of its application at a glance. A good deal of the discredit under which billiards labored some years ago was due to the fact that those who pretended to make the machinery of the game were ignorant of the game or its requirements.

NEARBY BALL POOL, Charleston, S. C.—In this game you play at the nearest ball out of the string.

X. Y. Z., Chicago.—A majority of the players.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN MILWAUKEE.—Mr. Young, of Milwaukee, has just erected a magnificent Academy of Music in that city. Connected with this establishment will be a billiard saloon, on a scale not surpassed by any in the country. The proprietors are Messrs. Crumming and Le Brun. Mr. Crumming is a gentleman of much business ability and tact, and Mr. Le Brun's reputation as a billiard-player is well established in his section. Six of Phelan's first-class billiard-tables have been ordered for the establishment. The new building will be an ornament to the city of Milwaukee, and speaks well for the public spirit and enterprise of Mr. Young, to whom Milwaukee is already indebted for live evidences of enterprise. With such a billiard saloon and such a player as Mr. Le Brun, billiards cannot fail to receive a considerable development.

BILLIARD MATCH IN COLUMBUS, KY.—A match was to have been played at Columbus, Ky., for \$500, 1,000 points up, on the 8th inst., between Mr. Wade, of St. Louis, and Mr. Francisco, of Columbus. A game of 500 points, for \$100, was played by the same gentlemen on the 27th ult., which resulted in a victory for Mr. Wade by 80 points.

THE MATCH BETWEEN THE BRITISH UNIVERSITIES.—The great billiard match between representatives of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took place in St. Martin's Hall, London, on Saturday, the 31st ult. The match consisted of a four-handed game of 700 and a single game of 500 points up. Messrs. Blair, of Corpus Christi College, and Taylor, of New Inn Hall, represented Oxford in the four-handed match; and Messrs. Ward and Cox, of Trinity College, represented Cambridge. In the single game, Mr. Blair represented Oxford, and Mr. Ward, Cambridge. For the first 100 points all the players played very cautiously; they kept close together also the second 100, scoring 160 all. At the close of the second 100, Cambridge was 11 points ahead; in the third 100, Oxford pulled up and led by 23 points; Cambridge soon reduced the lead to 3. The Cantabs continued to improve the occasion until they scored 400 to 347 by the Oxonians. But Oxford was not to be beaten so easily. After some very good play, the score stood—Cambridge, 470; Oxford, 470. For the next 100 the game was well contested, and very even up to a moment when the score marked 567 for each side. The excitement was intense from this point to the conclusion of the game, which gave the Cambridge men the victory by 57 points. Play commenced at thirty minutes past two P.M., and lasted four hours and twenty-five minutes.

The single match commenced at half-past eight in the evening. This was won by Oxford, with Mr. Blair as its representative, by 75 points, over Mr. Ward, the Cambridge champion; so that victory smiled on both sides, and leaves both confident of success in the next contest.

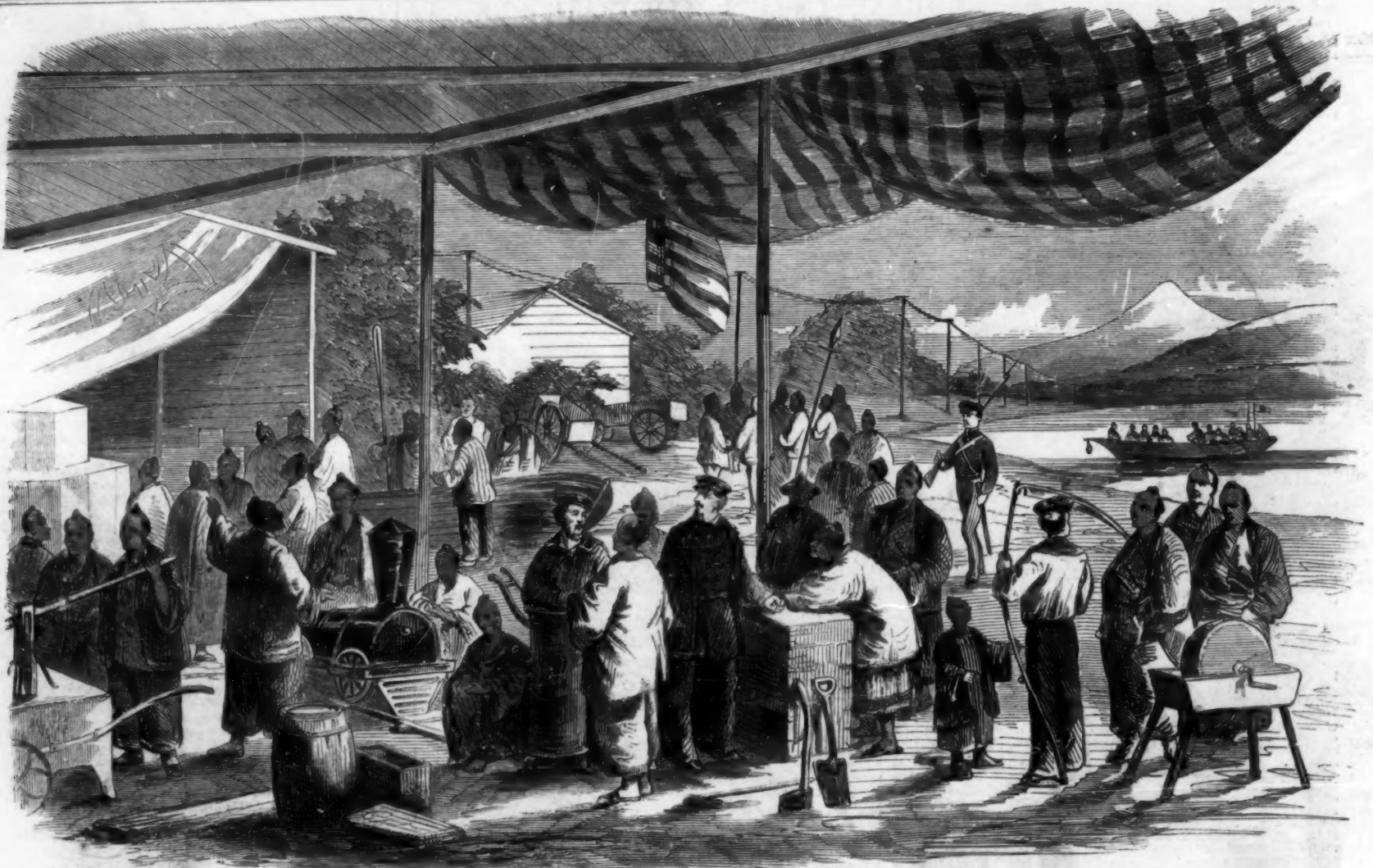
The four-hand match was viewed by an immense number of spectators. The representatives of the Universities have agreed that in future years the money obtained by the sale of the tickets (after the expenses of the match have been paid) shall be given to some charitable institution. The following rules have been agreed upon for the future regulation of this University match: 1. That this match be an annual match. 2. That it shall consist of a four match of 500 points and a single match of 1,000 up. 3. That the four match be played the evening before the University Boat Race, and the single match on the evening of the said race. 4. That each game commence at 7:30. 5. That the match be played on a new table in London in any room which the players may agree upon.

A HOLE IN THE CLOTH AND THE REMEDY.—A Paris paper of a late date gives the following story as authentic: A gentleman, who was enjoying himself in one of the many billiard-saloons of the gay capital, had the misfortune to pocket his cue in the green cloth. The proprietors of the room inquired on the pocket his cue in the green cloth. The unlucky player offered a certain amount, and recommended himself "darning." But the proprietors were inflexible, the individual had to pay for a new cloth, and when he did so claimed the old one as his property. It was, of course, immediately handed over. In a week or ten days the gentleman appeared in the billiard-room in a complete suit of green—coat, vest and pants. He had even utilized the cushion covering, by making a neat cap and a pair of gaiters. He was universally complimented on the distinctive style of his dress, and a fashionable tailor has taken up the idea and put a complete suit of light green in his plate of spring fashions. To all victims of a similar misfortune we recommend a similar remedy. There may be no help for spoiled silk, but there is help for a torn billiard cloth. All "bearing" players are requested to make a note of this.

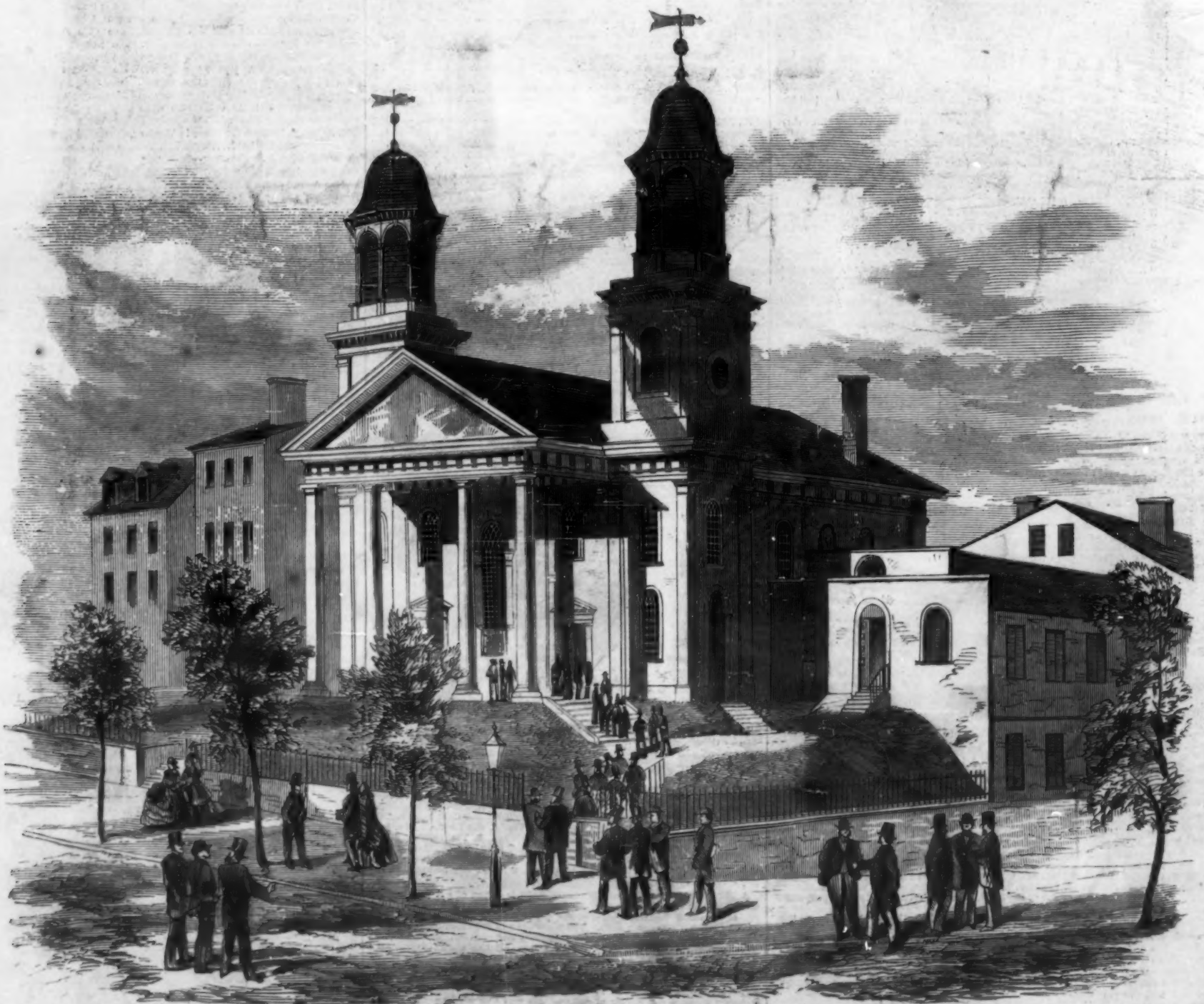
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Judge Williams has received one hundred thousand dollars as his fee for engineering through Congress the grant to the Kansas Indians. This, with Alder

man Dayton of Brooklyn's own admission, that he had paid Thurlow Weed about seventeen thousand dollars to "grease" a bill through the Legislature, which that gentleman had returned to him, as the opponents to the measure had paid him thirty thousand, affords a pleasant commentary to Earl Grey's speech in the House of Peers on Republican Institutions.... **Pennsylvania** certainly turns out some wretches which resemble the fiendish gorilla more than man. On the 20th of April a Mrs. Riday, of Oxford borough, Chester county, was subjected to a series of outrages too horrible for any place excepting Pandemonium. She was gagged, tied to a chair, outraged, and then burnt with hot irons on the breasts. The whole State owes its own vindication to bring this miscreant fiend to punishment. It subscribed seventy thousand dollars to elect James Buchanan; twice that amount ought to be devoted to ferret out the tall thin man with heavy whiskers who committed these unmentionable atrocities.... **A man** named Halloran was stabbed by John McCotter at Albany on May 6th, and died the next day. McCotter was arrested and held on the charge of murder.... **A batch** of editors have arrived in Baltimore. They were well received, and are having a good time in the Mounmental City.... The United Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn was dedicated on the 6th. The Rev. Dr. Farmer officiated.... **Mr. Greene**, the printer of Spruce street, has at his own expense, erected a costly steam fire engine. It will throw a heavy stream of water forty-five feet above any building in the street.... **Mrs. Jane Svisshelm** has, in a spy letter to the *Frederick*, demolished the little that was left of her husband. She most conclusively demonstrates that instead of her spending his money, he wasted hers.... **Of all** swindles, the most despicable is where a white man swindles a woman. The police report of the *Times* of Wednesday furnishes us with one of the worst we have seen. A man who rejoices in the popular and poetical name of Wilkins, or Henry Wilkins, has been committed for cheating two ladies out of their millinery stock, and then turning them out of doors. Fortunately the Dinahs to this Wilkins did not take cold pieces, but gave him a Welsh rarebit in the shape of a Justice.... **Mr. Emmett**, a grand-nephew of the celebrated Irish patriot, shot himself on the 5th. He had been depressed for some time, owing to bad health. "Temporary Insanity" was the verdict of the inquest.... **Some** very important intelligence has reached the New Jersey authorities touching the mysterious murder in Jersey City. Without adverting to the exact matter, we may as journalists express our surprise that in so crowded a thoroughfare as Jersey City a woman could be murdered, and a barrel of pitch stolen from Mr. Clori's warehouse, without its being observed. It would appear as though the women were murdered in New York, brought over in a gentleman's yacht, and cast overboard—the next week will determine. Among the discoveries were a large piece of Cannel coal with a rope to it, and a box which was attached to the other end of the rope—the stupid fellow who was at the dredge drew the box over again. It is supposed that the victim's clothes might have been hidden in it, as it was on the very spot where the body was found. Those who have examined the coal and rope pronounce them to be similar to those used on board the Havana steamer; hence some consider that the body is Mrs. Richardson, and that she has been murdered on board some Havana steamer.... **On** the 8th three young factory girls, in looking out of a hoop-skirt manufactory, corner of Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, were precipitated from the third story window in consequence of the wooden bar giving way. The carelessness of the poor girls is on'y equalled by that of the workmen who put up the fastening. The public benevolence cannot be better bestowed than in getting up a subscription for these poor creatures.... **The** one cent ferry to Williamsburg has been a great success—average, ten thousand per diem.... **Emigrants** should be very cautious when they trust with their money. A poor woman who landed last week entrusted her foreign money to the keeper of a restaurant, who kept the amount.... **Elizabeth Culwick**, the wife of a laboring man living at Albrighton, near Shifnal, England, gave birth to four fine children, three girls and a boy, three of whom, the boy and two girls, were alive. The woman was confined with twins just eleven months and one week previously, making in the aggregate six children in less than twelve months.... **The** villainy of men who seduce women is something fiendish in their results. No decent man should associate with men who regale their companions with their conquests. They are either liars or scoundrels! As some men were emptying the cesspool of No. 50 Cherry street they discovered the body of an infant about ten months old, with its throat cut from ear to ear! What a tale of man's guilt and woman's desperation does this tell!.... **The Fort Valley (Ala.)** *Century* of the 24th ult. states that a Mr. Aaron Weaver, of the upper edge of Houston county, left on Monday night with the wife of Mr. Samuel Felker, recently of South Carolina, leaving behind home, wife, husband and "responsibilities." The last heard of them was that they took the train at Everett's station, going West, intending to leave the cars at Montgomery, Ala. Mr. Weaver left a wife and one child. Mrs. Felker has had two children, and has been a wife about ten years.... **Two** shocks of an earthquake were felt at Lexington, Ga., on the 24th. It lasted twenty seconds, and was very palpable.... **The** usually quiet village of Lowell, in the township of Westmoreland, has been much excited for two or three days past by the disintering of the remains of Miss Laura Benjamin, a young lady who died some two months ago, as was supposed at the time, of peritoid sore throat. The case is involved in great mystery as to whether it is one of self-murder, or whether death was produced by the collision of other parties. Miss Benjamin died on the 4th of March last. She was apparently in perfect health during the evening, retired about nine o'clock, and at about twelve her mother was aroused by her cries, and going to her room found her in the agonies of death.... **The** Nashville papers state that on Saturday, the 5th of May, one of the most terrific hailstorms ever witnessed passed through Velvet Ridge. After the storm the sky cleared, and there was every appearance of settled weather. All of a sudden there was a terrible roaring in the air, and a black cloud was observed rapidly approaching, tearing up everything in its path. A Mr. Acton saw from the direction the cloud was coming that it would strike his house, and attempted to escape its fury, but in doing so the family were caught in the wind. When it had passed over Mr. Acton found two of his daughters mangled and torn, and several other relations much bruised. Everything that stood in its path was levelled as clean as though it had been shaven with a razor.... **A man** was recently arrested in Adrian, Mich., charged with having married six wives; three were white ladies, one was a negro, and two were squaws.... **The** fire companies of Jersey City, Hoboken, Hudson City and West Hoboken had a torchlight procession on Thursday, the 10th of May. The whole appearance was most gratifying. In the procession figured the life-saving apparatus. A finer body of men cannot be found than these Salamanders of Hudson City; they are the elite of every class. Their cheers were sufficient proof that the air of New Jersey strengthens the lungs.... **The** Hornet propeller was burnt to the water's edge at Sing Sing on the 9th; no lives were lost.... **That** great event for those who carry "watches" and "pray" for correct time, the falling of the time ball, now placed on the top of the Custom House, took place for the first time on Wednesday, the 9th; a thousand of gobsomoches gathered together, and with watch in hand awaited the emphatic fall of time! Some whose watches were preposterously behind the age refused to believe it, and, old fogey like, gloried in their slowness.... **Governor Morgan** has commuted the death penalty of Quimbo Appo to imprisonment for ten years. It will be remembered that he stabbed the landlady of the house in which he lived in a fit of rage. Under the circumstances, the Governor has acted wisely.... **Munn** and Rynders, the two officers who boarded the alleged slaver, are to be indicted for conniving at her escape. This sudden assumption of virtue surprises many old politicians.... **The** American Bible Society celebrated their forty-fourth anniversary at the Academy of Music on the 10th. The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, the President, took the chair. Speeches were made by Drs. Flamer, Fisher, Torrance, Esenett, Henry, Richards, &c. The attendance was very large.... **A** most diabolical and ungrateful attempt to destroy a family was made at Croton Dam by an adopted son of sixteen years old. He had mixed a quantity of vitriol with the sugar. He confessed having mixed the vitriol with the sugar, but denied any evil attempt. His motive is so mysterious that it is hoped he was insane when he committed the act.... **The** fine weather, for the past declares, "Love whose month is ever May" has brought out the ladies, who are clamoring for their rights. Four hundred of them met on Thursday at the Cooper Institute, and made speeches and resolutions, which were made, like piecrust, to be broken. Mrs. Wright, Miss Anthony, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. How, Elizabeth Jones, and other strong-minded women, addressed the assemblage.... **A German**, named Francis Garber, fell out of a five story window in Eldridge street on Sunday, and was, of course, killed on the spot. He leaves a wife and children.... **A** respectable tradesman of Brooklyn was arrested on Saturday for personating one of the spectral races, *sic* ghosts. For several nights he had been rumored that a phantom, like a *bouricault*, but a bogus, had been seen hopping about the tombstones, like a bird with one leg. On Saturday a large crowd assembled around the church at the corner of Ann and Fulton streets, awaiting the spiritual manifestation. As the solemn hour of midnight sounded a figure in white was seen to slowly emerge from the tombs, and glide about from one to another. A police officer made towards this creature of the brimstone regions, whereupon the spectre dodged in a very artful manner, and was about to escape when the Gotham Hamlet's truncheon, a policeman's staff, struck the impalpable air, and the phantom surrendered at discretion. After receiving a sound lecture he was suffered to depart to his native and infernal regions.



THE JAPANESE RECEIVING THE MINIATURE STEAM-ENGINE, TELEGRAPH AND OTHER PRESENTS SENT BY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT ON THE OCCASION OF COMMODORE PERRY'S EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

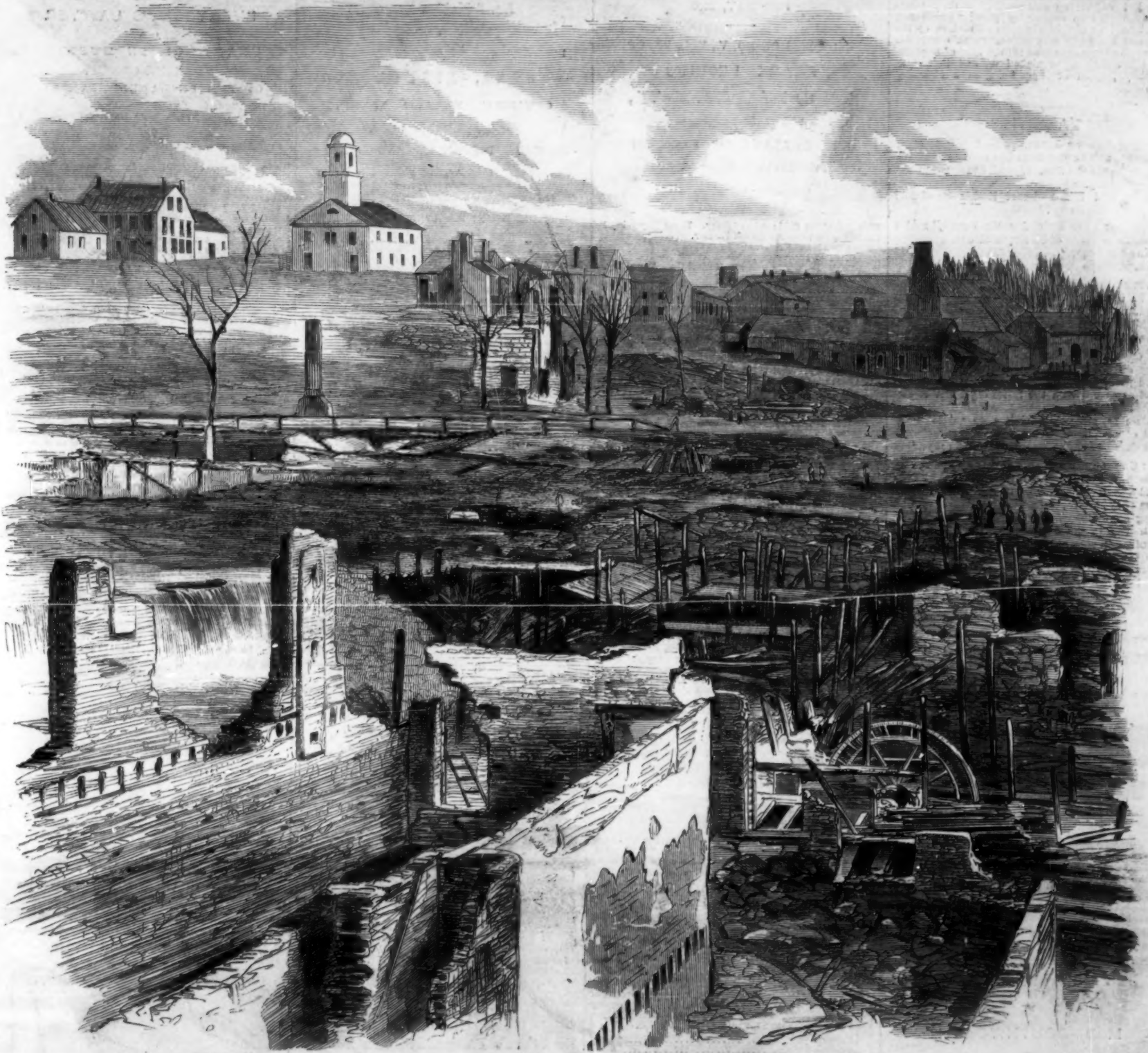


THE OLD FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WHERE THE UNION CONVENTION WAS HELD AT BALTIMORE, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 408.

OCT 11 1948

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RUINS OF THE GREAT FIRE WHICH OCCURRED AT GARDINER, ME., ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 25TH OF APRIL.

GREAT FIRE AT GARDINER, MAINE.

GARDINER, which has lately been the scene of a destructive conflagration, is situated on the Cobscook river, near its junction with the Kennebec, and is in Kennebec county, Maine, about fifty-three miles from Portland. It has a population of about seven thousand, and has many mills in a very thriving condition. It is also the seat of a thriving marine, nearly seven thousand tons of shipping being owned by the inhabitants. The Kennebec is navigable to the point of its junction with the Cobscook, and is likewise famous for its salmon. Gardiner also boasts some very well written newspapers.

On the night of the 25th of April a most destructive fire broke out in Sargent's saw-mill on the First Mill Bridge, and by which Mackay's brick block, corner of Water and Bridge street, two wooden buildings below it, all the five saw mills, all the shops and other buildings on the bridge and on the street leading from it, as far as the Pottery, and on the southerly side a little farther, the bridge itself, two dwellings on High street and five or six on Summer street were laid in ruins; in all about thirty buildings, a clean sweep of the intervening territory being made.

The rapidity with which the flames spread rendered all attempts to stop its ravages unavailing. It commenced at ten o'clock P. M., and in three hours burnt itself out, destroying property to the extent of seventy thousand dollars. The local papers award great praise to the firemen, who are appropriately called in one paragraph fire-brigades, and in another salamanders. The following saw-mills are destroyed: Sargent's, Hooker's, Berry's, Gardiner's and Mitchell's. Mackay's block is also gone; this was occupied by Mackay, Johnson, and Hinkley, Brock, Barber,

Sawyer, Dyer, Wilson, Knight, &c. The Clay block occupied by Bowmen is also down. Mitchell's sash factory, Kelly's store, Gardiner's plaster-mills, Kelly's, Nudd's, Whittier's stables, &c. Summer street had also its sufferers, such as Berry, Smith, Scribner, Clay, Truant, Pollard, Johnson and Robinson. Reynolds's carriage factory on Bridge street is also a heap of ruins. Altogether about nineteen families are houseless, in addition to the loss of the factories. The cause of the fire is unknown. Fortunately no lives were lost. The *Maine Rural* devotes a passing notice to the indignation of a lady who was so disgusted at the want of energy displayed by the crowd, that she wished she had been a man that she might have flogged some of them. Our sketch is from a photograph taken during the conflagration, by Mr. J. K. Variell, the photographer of Gardiner.

STARVATION AND CANNIBALISM.

The wreck is announced as Lloyd's of the ship *Constant*, from Sydney for Manila, on a sunken reef, in lat. 5.45 N., lon. 155.58 E. The ship appears to have broken up almost immediately afterward, the crew escaping in the boats, but with scarcely any provisions or water. For days and days, exposed to a scorching sun, they suffered fearfully, and the horrors they subsequently endured were of a character almost unheard of. They left the wreck in the boats on the 17th of July. From that time till the 1st of September they visited several islands in the hope of obtaining food and succor, but failed. They then resolved to draw lots as to which of them should sacrifice his life for their benefit, and after five days' deliberation they killed one of the men.



JAPANESE WOMEN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY.

days after they resolved to murder another negro for the same purpose. The man was asleep at the time, but waking up and hearing of their intention, attempted to escape by jumping overboard. A shot fired by one of the crew killed him on the spot, and his body was eaten. In this horrible manner the crew subsisted till the 29th of September, when they were picked up and landed at Sourabaya, most of them being in a shocking state.

VARIETIES.

THE CRESCENDO OF IMPATIENCE.—A village game was thus heard calling from her cottage door to a child playing in the distance, and hearing but not heeding its mother.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!—but! E—Liz—er—but! Bess, you young hussy!"

"AND you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance.

"No—Mr. Pence."

"Ah, you have done better than I thought."

A young lady refused to marry a city journalist after he had lost his situation, saying she had accepted him under the belief that his business would keep him out all night. Her attachment must have been a Platonic one.

An old washerwoman used to hang her clothes to dry on the railings of a church, and after repeated prohibitions from the churchwardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence:

"Bless ye, sir, ye wouldn't a go an' take the bread of my mousta, would ye? 'sides, air, cleanliness comes next to godliness, the parson says."

NOR GREEN.—Some twenty or thirty years ago, an Irishman, William Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America. Having friends in the region of Fairhaven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Mr. B., he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought green himself, or being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unsatisfied, he passed up the despoiled cob, with the very natural request:

"Please put some more paze on my stick!"

SPECIMENS OF INDIAN PROFICIENCY IN ENGLISH.—The Bombay Gazette gives the following as a specimen of what the "natives" can accomplish with the help of a dictionary, and a little smattering of English. "Honored master, yesterday evening came one great hurricane; valve of window aperture not fastened. First made great trepidation and palpitation, then precipitate into precinct. God grant master more long life, and more great port. I remain, honored master's most obedient servant, PURVOR, OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT."

The information sought to be conveyed by this elegant epistle was simply that the post-office window was blown out by the storm.

A country captain, desiring to cross a field, came to an opening in the fence large enough to permit two persons to pass abreast. Unfortunately he was deficient in military tactics, and could not remember the order which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through, but his ingenuity did not desert him, and therefore he ordered a halt and then said:

"Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on t'other side of the fence."

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Prairie Dogs.
Light in the Distance—Cameron Dreaming away the Morning at the Foot of an Old Hickory Tree; Cameron and his Household Preparing to Pass the Night in the Forest.
Occasion in the Canoe Island of Moheli.
A Wedding in Ceylon.
The Great Chimney-piece in the Hall of Marriages of the Town Hall at Antwerp.
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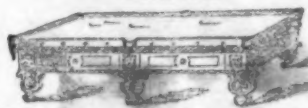
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